

NO 528

NOVEMBER 12, 1915

5 Cents.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND; OR, THE BOY BROKERS OF WALL STREET

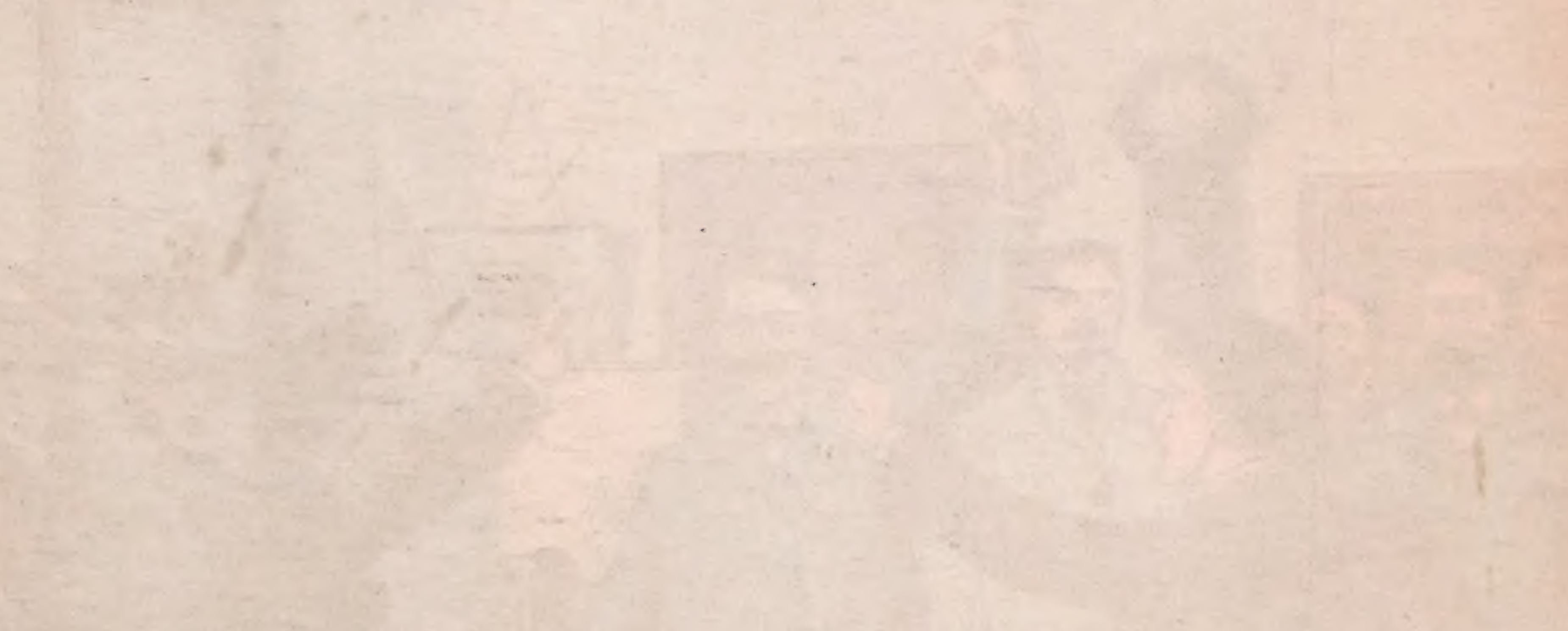
By A SELF-MADE MAN. AND OTHER STORIES



"How much for this stock?" asked Mr. Benson, holding the package above his head. "I'll give 'ninety," said White. "Nine-one!" bid Hammond. "Two!" from White. "Three!" shouted his rival, excitedly. "Five!" said White, coolly. The spectators held their breath.

BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY
STAY IN THE CITY

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND
ON THE BOY BROKERS OF WALL STREET
THEIR OWN MONEY



Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 12, 1915.

Price 5 Cents.

Diamond Cut Diamond

— OR —

THE BOY BROKERS OF WALL STREET

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

JAY WHITE.

A bright new five-dollar coin lay in the center of the third floor corridor of the Barnum Building, Wall Street, one morning about ten o'clock.

It had been there only a few minutes, and was not likely to escape the observation of the first person who came on the scene.

Two doors on opposite sides of the corridor faced that gold piece, which reposed exactly midway between them.

The doors were exactly alike, and similar to every other door on the floor, being made of polished oak, in the upper half of which was inserted a large pane of ground glass.

On one of the panes was painted in gilt letters the words: "Jay White, Stocks and Bonds. Goldfield Mining Securities a Specialty."

There was not a soul in sight when both doors opened simultaneously and two small boys, each holding an envelope in his hand, popped out into the corridor.

Each of the lads was gifted with a remarkably keen pair of eyes and the glittering coin attracted their attention at the same moment.

Both made a dive forward to possess it.

Their outstretched hands were within an inch of the prize when their heads came together with a whack that brought tears to their eyes, and caused them to sit down on the marble floor with more haste than grace.

"Say, wot's de matter wit' you?" howled Teddy Marks, Jay White's office boy.

"Wot's de matter wit' yourself?" replied Mickey Dooley, Harry Hammond's factotum.

Then both boys made a grab for the coin.

"Hold on, I seen dat first!" said Teddy, as each got his fingers on opposite edges of the gold piece.

"I like dat!" replied Mickey. "I seen it first meself."

Teddy tried to push Mickey's fingers away, but the other resisted.

"I'll punch youse in de nose if you don't take yer fingers off dat money!" cried Teddy, belligerently.

"You will, I don't t'ink!" retorted Mickey, defiantly.

Teddy struck out with the fist that held the letter, and Mickey countered with his disengaged hand, but neither let go his hold on the coin.

Matters were practically at a deadlock between them.

Neither wanted the other to get the best of him.

It was a point of honor with them to try and do each other up whenever they came in collision, just as their eighteen-year-old bosses, who were known as the boy brokers of Wall

Street, left no stones unturned in their efforts to score a point on his business rival across the corridor.

At this moment a third boy appeared on the scene.

He was a tall, red-headed youth, named Finnegan, whose cap and uniform showed that he was an A. D. T. messenger.

The only point on which Teddy and Mickey were of one mind was their hatred for Finnegan.

The A. D. T. messenger was something of a bully, and he delighted in lording it over boys smaller and weaker than himself.

He had put it all over Teddy and Mickey on different occasions when he met them singly, for, individually, though spunky, they were no match for him.

As Finnegan came up he spied the bone of contention—the five-dollar gold piece, and his eyes twinkled maliciously.

He saw a chance to improve his financial condition.

"Wot you two doin' there, eh?" he inquired, with a sardonic grin. "Fightin' over dat money? Get up and have it out, and I'll hold de stakes."

He swooped down, pulled their fingers from the coin and picked it up.

"So-long, I'll see youse later!" he chuckled as he slipped it into his pocket and started to walk off.

"Here, drop dat!" roared Teddy and Mickey in one breath, scrambling to their feet and grabbing Finnegan by each of his arms.

"I've dropped it—into me pocket," replied the messenger, with a cunning leer.

"Give it up, do yer hear?" demanded Mickey, tugging at his arm.

"Hand it over!" roared Teddy, giving his other arm a pull.

"G'wan, or I'll kick de stuffin' out of youse two!" snarled Finnegan, trying to break their hold.

"You'll kick de stuffin' out of not'in', you big stiff!" cried Mickey, angrily.

"Let go of me arms, will yer?" exclaimed the messenger, snatching his hand away from Teddy and then aiming a blow at his face.

Teddy ducked, and, tackling Finnegan around the knees, tripped him up.

He fell with a crash, pulling Mickey down on top of him.

"Hold him till I go t'rough his pockets!" shouted Teddy, straddling the lanky messenger.

"Let me up!" roared Finnegan, as Mickey threw his whole weight on his chest.

"I will, I don't t'ink!" answered the small youth, as his companion deftly thrust his fingers into the messenger's pocket and drew out the half-eagle.

"I've got it!" cried Teddy, triumphantly. "Beat it, Mickey! We'll divvy up when we get it changed."

The two office boys sprang to their feet and scurried for the stairs, down which they flew, taking three steps at a leap.

Finnegan, in a furious rage, attempted to follow them, but he had as much chance of catching them as he had of flying.

Hardly had the boys disappeared before two well-known brokers, one short and stout, the other tall and thin, got out of the elevator at that floor.

They came along the corridor until they halted between the offices of White and Hammond.

"Here's where the boy brokers hang out," said the fat man. "Which one shall we tackle first?"

"I don't see that it makes any difference," replied his companion. "All fleece looks alike to me. I don't care which we shear first."

"Then we'll call on Jay White. If he doesn't bite we can transfer our attention to Hammond. I wish I knew how much money they have."

"I heard that White had an aunt who left him her boodle. When he got hold of it he left Switzer & Co., where he was margin clerk, and set up for himself."

"Good! It's up to us to sample that boodle before somebody else gets their flukes in. Know anything about Hammond?"

"Not much," replied his companion. "I believe he got his capital out of his father's estate, which was settled last month."

"So long as they've got money it doesn't interest us how they came by it."

The stout broker knocked at Jay White's door.

"Come in!" cried a snappy voice.

The brokers accordingly entered what evidently was the reception-room.

It was furnished with a rug, a table, half a dozen leather-upholstered chairs, an indicator in one corner, and a number of maps and photographs of Western mining properties.

The door connecting with the private office was open and the visitors saw a bright and rather shrewd-looking boy of eighteen seated at a roll-top desk.

"Well, gentlemen, step right in," said the lad, genially.

"Am I addressing Mr. Jay White?" asked the stout man, as they entered the inner office.

"That is my name, sir."

"Glad to know you, Mr. White," said the broker. "My name is Chadsey—Nicholas Chadsey. I am a broker, with offices in the Mills Building."

"Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Chadsey," replied White, shaking hands with him.

"This is Mr. Hedden, also a broker, located in the same building."

"Pleased to know you, Mr. Hedden."

"The pleasure is mutual," replied the thin broker, also shaking hands with the boy.

"Now, gentlemen, what can I do for you?" inquired White.

"You deal in Western mining stocks, I believe?" said Mr. Chadsey.

"I do."

"Buying any of that kind of stock at present?"

"That depends."

"On what?"

"The quality of the article. I am not loading up on prospects and wildcats, but any good dividend-paying stock I am always ready to consider."

"Hum! Yes, of course. Well, I've got a block of Atalanta, a Goldfield mine of some merit, I understand. I'd like to sell you 10,000 shares at ten cents."

White shook his head.

"That stock isn't worth the paper it's printed on," he said.

"Who says so?" flared up Mr. Chadsey.

"I say so."

"Perhaps you'll give me your reason," said the broker, with a slight sneer.

"Certainly," replied the boy, politely. "Atalanta petered out unexpectedly a couple of years ago and was taken off the Western exchanges soon afterward. It has no speculative value whatever to-day."

Mr. Chadsey looked disappointed.

Not because he had learned something he didn't know before, but because the boy broker was evidently better posted than he expected.

"Then I can't do any business with you?" he said, regretfully.

"Not with Atalanta."

"I have a block of Big Extension," interjected Mr. Hedden. "I've got 20,000 I'd like to sell for five cents a share."

"Nothing doing," answered White, with a slight grin. "Big

Extension went up Salt Creek four years ago and hasn't been heard of since."

"Why, I gave seven cents for that stock," protested the tall broker.

"That's about all it's worth," replied White.

"I mean seven cents a share."

"Oh! Then you gave seven cents a share too much."

Mr. Hedden looked at Mr. Chadsey, and the fat broker returned the look.

It was clear they were not making much progress with the young broker.

"You don't want to buy it, then?"

"Hardly," laughed White. "My waste-paper basket is pretty full already."

"Do you think Hammond would buy the stock?"

"I cannot answer for Mr. Hammond," replied White. "The best way for you to find out is to ask him."

"Can you furnish me with a list of Western stocks you have for sale?" asked Mr. Chadsey.

"Certainly," replied White, handing the broker a type-written paper.

"I see you are selling prospects even if you are not buying them," remarked Mr. Chadsey, sarcastically.

"Why not?" replied White. "These are all commissions sent to my office for sale. Everything you see on that paper is listed on the Goldfield Exchange, and consequently has a speculative value. For instance, I am offering 1,000 shares of Silver Pick, a Goldfield prospect, at 75 cents a share. It was quoted yesterday on Goldfield Exchange at 89. That's a sample of the bargains I am offering in Western securities."

Mr. Chadsey folded up the paper and put it in his pocket.

"Come, Hedden," he said, rising from his chair, "I guess we'd better move across the corridor and see if we can do any business with Hammond. Atalanta and Big Extension seem to be at a discount in this quarter."

"Call again, gentlemen, when you are in the building. I shall be pleased to see you any time. Sorry I haven't a cigar to offer you, but I don't smoke myself. If I can do anything in Western mining stocks for you, let me know," and Jay White bowed his visitors into the corridor and returned to his desk with a knowing look on his strong, wide-awake countenance.

CHAPTER II.

HARRY HAMMOND.

There seems to be no flies on Jay White," remarked Nicholas Chadsey to his companion, when the two brokers stood once more in the corridor after their unsuccessful attempt to saddle several thousand shares of worthless Western securities on the boy broker.

"No. He's a sharp youngster. We must try some other game on him," replied Tom Hedden, with a slight look of disgust on his shrewd features.

"Well, let's see what we can do with this young Hammond," said Chadsey. "Maybe he's easier."

"It's to be hoped he is. I want to get rid of those 20,000 Big Extension. They've turned yellow in my safe. If I could get \$500 for them out of this chap I'd consider I'd done a good morning's work."

"I'll sell my 10,000 Atalanta at any figure he'll bite at. Jay White was right when he said they weren't worth the paper they're printed on," with a grin.

The two brokers entered Harry Hammond's office.

That young man had a reception-room and inner den almost the counterpart of Jay White's, but there the resemblance between them ceased.

Hammond was a bright, handsome-looking lad, with a genial, open countenance.

The milk of human kindness seemed to flow from his soft, gray eyes.

Almost any one would have taken him by the hand and felt that here was a boy that can be trusted.

Nothing crooked about him, but everything fair and above-board.

Brokers Chadsey and Hedden's impression was that he looked like a good thing.

Perhaps he was, but we shall see.

Mr. Chadsey introduced himself and his companion in the same way he did in White's office, and Harry Hammond expressed the pleasure he felt in making their acquaintance.

Then Nicholas Chadsey proceeded to make known his business.

He had 10,000 shares of Goldfield Atalanta which a customer had left on his hands for sale.

Would Hammond buy them at—well, perhaps the boy broker would make a bid.

Harry looked the certificate over carefully.

It was all right as far as it went.

Then he consulted a memorandum book he took from one of the pigeon-holes of his desk.

Under the heading of "Dead Mines" he located Atalanta.

Following it were the words in brackets, "See note, p. 86."

He turned to page 86 and glanced at what he had written there.

Then he closed the book and returned it to the pigeon-hole.

The two brokers had been watching him attentively.

"I'll give you \$100 for the certificate," he said, wheeling around in his chair and looking benevolently at Mr. Chadsey.

"One hundred dollars!" exclaimed the broker. "Why, it's worth—"

"Nothing," replied Hammond, with a quiet smile.

"Nothing!" almost gasped Mr. Chadsey. "Nothing!" he repeated, looking hard at the young broker.

"Absolutely nothing," returned Hammond, with the same smile.

"If it's worth nothing in your opinion, why do you offer \$100 for it?" asked the mystified broker.

"Because I'm looking for a few dead certificates to frame and hang up in my office," replied Hammond, genially.

"And you're willing to pay \$100 for them?"

"For my choice."

"Rather an expensive kind of wall decoration, I should say," replied Mr. Chadsey, rather puzzled to understand the boy's method.

"It's a fad of mine," answered Harry Hammond, with another pleasant smile. "I dare say we all have fads in our way. Do you accept my offer?"

"Yes," growled the broker, who was disappointed at not being able to skin the boy to a greater extent.

However, \$100 was better than nothing.

The boy broker went to his safe, took out the money and the transfer completed the bargain.

"Perhaps I can sell you a 20,000 certificate of Big Extension," now put in Mr. Hedden, producing an envelope from his pocket and extracting therefrom a handsomely printed sheet of bond paper. "I value it at \$1,000, but I'll be happy for you to make a bid."

Hammond took the certificate, looked it over, took down his memorandum-book, turned to dead shares, noted "Big Extension," saw a note which referred him to page 66, turned to that page and read the note.

"Big Extension," he said, turning to Mr. Hedden, "never amounted to a hill of beans. One hundred thousand shares were sold at one cent each for development purposes three years ago when the mine first came to life. Subsequently another hundred thousand shares were sold at 2 1-2 cents a share to finance the work of developing stringers and bunches of high-grade ore that were repeatedly opened up and returned values of from \$100 to \$1,000 per ton. The company worked diligently in an effort to locate the source of these bunches of ore, but on each occasion, however, disappointment followed, and the ore opened up proved to be only another of the deluding bunches. Finally work on the mine was abandoned, and the shares removed from the exchange lists. Big Extension isn't worth—"

"Maybe you'll give \$100 for that certificate to hang on your wall beside Atalanta," interrupted Broker Hedden, with a sour smile, disgusted at the knowledge Harry Hammond showed in Big Extension.

"Well," replied the boy broker, "it's rather an expensive luxury, as Mr. Chadsey just remarked, but as I am in favor of preventing the few dollars I have in my safe from growing rusty through inaction, I'll take you up."

He went to his safe for the money, while Hedden remarked to his companion, in a low tone: "Well, I'll be jiggered if this chap isn't a conundrum."

"That's right," nodded Mr. Chadsey. "He's either a blamed idiot, or—"

The broker didn't finish his remark as Hammond just then returned to his desk with a bunch of notes in his hand, which he passed over to Mr. Hedden.

"Gentlemen," said Hammond, drawing a pad toward him and beginning to write, "I'll take a receipt from each of you for that money."

"A receipt!" replied Mr. Chadsey, in surprise. "What do you want a receipt for? You've got the goods and we've got the money for them."

"Merely a memorandum of the deal between us," answered Hammond.

"What the dickens do you want a memorandum for?"

"It's a kind of fad with me to collect such things," replied Harry, sweetly.

He went on writing, while the brokers looked at each other.

Hedden tapped his forehead significantly as much as to say that the boy broker had wheels in his head, and Chadsey nodded, with a grin.

In a few minutes they departed, each \$100 to the good and perfectly satisfied that Hammond was a fool.

They would have had a different impression if they had been able to look over the boy broker's shoulder at that moment.

He had just taken a letter from a pigeon-hole and was reading it.

It was dated from Goldfield, and ran as follows:

"Harry Hammond, Barnum Bldg., Wall Street, New York:

"Dear Old Chappie: A little less than two months ago the Hercules Leasing Syndicate was organized. Since that time we have equipped the lease with one of the most complete and satisfactory plants of machinery to be found in the entire Goldfield district. A shaft has been sunk to the depth of 200 feet. The ore we have taken out assayed about \$500 per ton. Hercules stock was quoted yesterday at \$4.15—the Syndicate stock at 60 cents a share. Now, Chappie, here's a pointer for you. The Hercules mine joins the old abandoned Atalanta mine on the west and the equally dead and forgotten Big Extension on the east. We have discovered that the ore ledge we are working in the Hercules broadens out toward the Atalanta and that another vein which we have located but not touched yet runs toward the Big Extension. The prospect is so good of a rich strike far superior to the Hercules in both of these old-timers that we are quietly buying up the certificates of both wherever we can find them. On their face they're not worth a tinker's blessing, and we are getting them for a mere song. About 60,000 shares of both these stocks were sold in New York. If you can locate them, buy them in by all means. You ought to get them at your own figure. At any rate, if you don't want to hold them, I'll give you a cent a share for all you can buy in.

"Yours as ever,

JACK."

Harry Hammond smiled serenely as he finished the letter, returned it to the pigeon-hole and took up the certificates of stock he had just acquired.

"Dead mines, both of them," he murmured, with one of his seraphic smiles; "but the dead sometimes come to life. Hercules was as dead as a doornail once, now it is selling at \$4.25. Suppose Atalanta and Big Extension develop paying ore one of these days, what will these 30,000 shares be worth? A fortune, and those gentlemen who sold me the certificates thought they had worked a sharp game on me. Yes, I guess I'm a pretty easy mark," chuckling softly to himself. "I heard Jay White tell the superintendent of the building so the other day. He said I'd be eating snowballs when he got through with me. Long before that happens his fleece may be hanging among my office trophies—smart as he looks."

Harry Hammond rubbed his hands together and chuckled again.

CHAPTER III.

A DEAL IN OPTIONS.

Harry Hammond had just arrived at his office on the following morning when a D. T. messenger entered the reception-room and inquired for him.

The messenger happened to be Peter Finnegan, and he looked daggers at Mickey Dooley when he spoke to him.

Mickey grinned, tantalizingly, as he ushered the messenger into the little private room of his boss.

"Just wait till I ketch youse outside somewhere," Finnegan said to him in a hoarse whisper. "I'll put it all over yer till yer can't walk straight."

"Is dat a fact?" retorted Mickey, with a chuckle.

There wasn't a chance for Finnegan to make an answer to Dooley's sarcastic remark, so he handed the envelope to Harry Hammond.

The young broker signed the messenger's delivery sheet and tore open the envelope.

What he read developed one of his customary smiles.

He tore the paper into fine particles and dropped them into his waste-basket.

Then he sat down before his desk and his furrowed brow showed he was thinking deeply.

Suddenly a great racket in the outer office aroused him.

He sprang up and threw open the door.

His boy Mickey and the messenger, Finnegan, were floundering around the room in a close embrace.

In some way Mickey managed to trip Finnegan up, and the D. T. boy hit his head against the wall, stunning him for an instant.

Mickey, with a howl of triumph, sprang up, slapped a chair across his enemy's chest and sat down on it, using Finnegan's head for a footstool.

Hammond didn't encourage such revolutionary conduct in his office boy, but he couldn't help laughing in this instance to see how smartly Mickey had got the upper hand of the big boy.

As soon as Finnegan tried to overthrow the chair with its live burden he interfered.

"Let him up, Mickey," he said, with apparent sternness. "What do you mean by kicking up such shins in my office?"

Mickey slid off to his chair near the window, while Finnegan slunk out of the room.

"What was the trouble between you two?" Hammond asked his office boy.

"He slapped me in de smeller as he was goin' out, and I soaked him back."

"Why did he hit you first?"

Mickey explained the incident of the five-dollar coin of the preceding day.

"Well, don't let it occur again," replied Hammond.

He returned to his den, put on his hat and came out again.

"If anybody calls to see me tell them to wait. I'll be back in a few minutes. I'm only going across the corridor to Jay White's office."

"Yessir," replied Mickey, briskly, who, as soon as the door closed behind Hammond, began to walk around the room on his hands, with his heels in the air.

Harry Hammond crossed the corridor and entered the office of his business rival.

"Hello, Hammond!" exclaimed White, who happened to be in the reception-room at the moment. "How are you making out?"

"Oh, I'm not setting the Street on fire!" laughed Harry, pleasantly.

"Come into my den," said White, catching him by the arm and leading him into his sanctum. "Anything I can do for you?"

"I merely came in to inquire if you know where I can get some L. & S. stock?" replied Harry.

"I can get you some. In fact, a customer left 1,000 shares with me to dispose of. If that's enough, you can have it at the market price. If you want any more I know where I can get another thousand."

"I don't want it to-day," answered Hammond.

"Better take it," said White. "It may be higher to-morrow."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," replied Hammond, after a moment's thought. "I'll take the 1,000 at 68, which is the price it's ruling at now, if you'll sell me an option of ten days on 4,000 shares more at 72."

"I don't know about that," replied White. "What are you willing to pay me for the option?"

"What do you want for it, spot cash?"

"I want \$2,000," replied White, after considering the matter for a moment or two.

"Write it out," replied Hammond, promptly.

"Do you mean that?" asked White.

"I do. Is it a go?"

"Who are you buying the stock for?" asked the other, curiously.

"Oh, come now, White, isn't that a rather large question? You don't expect me to tell you all my business, do you?"

"I beg your pardon, Hammond, it's a way I have. Have you got that money with you?"

"No, but I can get it in fifteen minutes."

"Then go and get it and you can have the option. By the way, there were a pair of Broad street brokers in to see me. Chadsey and Hedden were their names. I guess they took me for a new thing, for they tried to unload on me 30,000 shares of two dead Western mines. I wouldn't bite. Then they said they'd go in to your office and see what they could do with you. Did you see them?"

"I did," replied Hammond, quietly.

"I suppose you tumbled to their object, too, and sent them away with a flea in their ears."

"No, I bought the stock."

"You did what?" exclaimed White.

"I bought the stock."

"You bought those 30,000 dead shares! You're joking, aren't you?"

"No. I got them cheap—at my own figure, and I took them. They may pan out something one of these days."

White whistled softly and looked at Hammond.

"Why, I wouldn't give a dollar for both those certificates. Don't you know they aren't worth the paper they're printed on?"

"Some day——" began Hammond, but White interrupted him.

"Some day be hanged! One of those certificates was yellow with age."

"It was three years old."

"The Atalanta mine went to the dogs two years ago, and the Big Extension never amounted to anything more than a proposition, and a mighty bad one at that."

"That's true," admitted Hammond, with a cheerful smile.

"If you know it, why did you buy the stock? What good will it ever be?"

"It's a fad of mine to take a chance at a long shot sometimes."

"Oh, you're a chap that's willing to bank on the unexpected, eh?"

"You can put it that way if you like."

"Hammond, you have my sympathy," grinned White. "It's my opinion that you are out of your element in Wall Street."

"Think so, do you? Now I had an idea that it was you who was rash in venturing your little boodle in the financial district."

"Thanks, old chap," replied White, sarcastically, "your remark is quite brilliant. But taking this late Western investment of yours as a sample of your way of doing business, I should think that a steady diet of fried icicles will soon be in order for you."

"Stranger things than that have happened to some of the veterans of Wall Street in their day."

"That's no dream. Six months ago Dan Harkins, the millionaire trader, went to the wall trying to corner Erie common."

"He isn't the only gray-beard who passed his life in the Street, had every trick of the business at his fingers ends, and then got wiped out in a single hour in the Stock Exchange."

"And he won't be the last."

"That's right. Still there are lots of them who go right along piling up their thousands steadily, hold on to them and finally die millionaires."

"Do you hope to join that class, Hammond?"

"That's my ambition."

"Well, you've begun well," replied White, sarcastically.

"I think I have," answered Hammond, quietly.

"I fancy I see your finish," grinned the other. "Better get that \$2,000 right away so I can make that option out. I might as well have a little of your money before it all gets away from you. How about the thousand shares you're going to take off my hands?"

"I'll pay you ten per cent. down, the balance C. O. D."

"All right. I'll hold the shares subject to your order. But if the price should go down over five points I'll notify you to take up the stock or secure me against possible loss."

"That's fair enough," acquiesced Hammond, rising from his chair. "I'll run down to the safe deposit company and get you \$9,200. Have the option ready when I get back."

"I'll have it ready, don't you fret," replied White.

Hammond was back in fifteen minutes, paid the money over, got his receipt for \$6,800 on account of the 1,000 shares, and the option on 4,000 at 72 to be delivered any time within the next ten days that he should call for them.

"That's the easiest \$2,000 I ever made," grinned Jay White as Harry Hammond left the office, "for I've good reason for believing that stock will go down instead of up, and I'll make the difference between what I'll be able to buy it in for and the option price."

He chuckled gleefully as he slapped the wad of bills into his safe.

CHAPTER IV.

HARRY HAMMOND COMES OUT ON TOP.

L. & S. shares dropped half a point on the following day, and that fact caused Jay White to wear one of those smiles that never come off.

It came off two days later when L. & S., instead of dropping further down the scale, as he fondly expected it would, recovered itself and went up to 73.

As White did not have the stock on hand he realized if

Hammond called on him to deliver the shares that day, as it was his privilege to do, he would have to go out and buy them at a loss of \$4,000, less, of course, the \$2,000 he had received for the option.

"That young villain is \$2,000 ahead of the game at this point, and his gain is my loss. If L. & S. should take a notion to advance another point I'd be \$4,000 more out unless I buy the shares now. I wouldn't have sold that option only everything pointed to a slump in the market. Instead of which the market has stiffened up. But that may only be a spasm. If I should buy those shares now and the market then should weaken, as it's very likely to do, I'd feel like kicking myself from here to Broadway. What shall I do? I'll go out and have a talk with Broker Smith. He's a good fellow and can smell the way the wind is going to blow as well as any man alive."

Accordingly, Jay White put on his hat and went in quest of Mr. Smith.

White wasn't the only broker who was disgusted with the upward trend of L. & S.

Hammond had visited brokers Chadsey and Hedden and secured options for 5,000 shares from each of them at 72, paying them \$3,000 apiece for that privilege.

The advance of the stock to 73 put Harry \$15,000 ahead of the game, and he wore an unusually radiant smile, for he had an idea that none of the people whose option he held could deliver without purchasing the shares at the advanced price.

Whether Mr. Smith advised White that the market would surely react, or he decided to risk that desirable result on his own hook, certain it is he made no effort to buy the 4,000 shares he had pledged himself to deliver to Harry Hammond.

The stock remained stationary until noon on the following day, when it went up another point, an eighth at a time.

This additional advance put White in a cold sweat, but he held on until it went up one-half a point more, then he suddenly weakened and, at a clear loss of \$8,000 on the deal, he bought the stock.

Then he called on Hammond and asked him if he wanted the shares.

"No," replied Harry, shaking his head, "I haven't called in my options yet."

"Options!" exclaimed White, in surprise. "Did you buy any more?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you that I bought one of Nicholas Chadsey and another of Tom Hedden. They have each agreed to deliver 5,000 shares of L. & S. any time I want it within ten days at 72."

"And it is now 74 7-8," said White, with a look of intense disgust.

"It will be higher to-morrow," smiled Hammond.

"How do you know it will?" asked his rival, sharply.

"I don't know. I only think it will. Nobody knows anything for a certainty in Wall Street."

"Look here, Hammond. I believe you had a pointer on L. & S."

"What makes you think so?"

"The fact that you took the risk of those options. You've been figuring on a sure thing."

"Pooh! There's nothing sure in Wall Street."

"Well, you've touched me up to the tune of \$8,000, for I bought 4,000 shares of L. & S. at 74 1-2 to-day to save myself from further loss."

"If I'd been you, White, I'd have bought 8,000 instead of 4,000 to cover myself out of the rise," said Hammond, serenely. "I shan't charge you anything for that advice."

"Oh, you be jiggered! Aren't you going to take those shares off my hands and use them?"

"I will call for them when I want them," replied Hammond, cheerfully.

"But you've got me tied up on those shares," answered White, almost angrily.

"I am sorry," returned Hammond, trying to repress his look of satisfaction, "but it seems to me that's your lookout, not mine."

"Are you going to stand me off for your full pound of flesh?"

"What would you do if our positions were reversed?"

"I'd do the right thing."

"What do you call the right thing?"

"I'd be easy on you."

"Your option has five days more to run and the stock is on the rise. Would you call it in now?"

Jay White knew in his heart that he wouldn't do any such thing if he stood in Hammond's shoes.

"How much higher is L. & S. going?" he asked doggedly.

"I really couldn't tell you. It may go to 80 or over. Why don't you buy 5,000 shares and take the same chance I am? If it goes up two points you'll square the loss on your option."

The advice was good, but White didn't relish it as coming from his rival.

Besides, he had some doubts about the shares going much higher.

Next day, however, L. & S. had soared to 78, and then he was sorry he had not bought the stock on margin.

That day both Chadsey and Hedden made a call on Hammond, and seemed anxious that he would call in his options.

They had both bought the stock in at a loss of \$15,000, and were holding it for the boy broker.

The longer they had to carry the stock the more they were out in the matter of interest, and this fact accounted for their eagerness to settle up the deal.

As it was money in Hammond's pocket for them to hold the stock under the circumstances until the time limit expired, or the market turned, he refused to take up his options, much to their discomfiture.

They went away, vowing to get square with him when they got the chance.

Their threats didn't worry Hammond even a little bit.

On the tenth day after buying the options from Jay White and the two Broad street brokers, Harry Hammond called them in.

He sold them to a big broker of New street at the market price, then 84, getting \$180,000 out of the transaction for himself, less the \$8,000 he paid for the options.

Jay White managed to save himself at the last moment by buying 2,000 shares at 80 and selling out at 84 1-8, but that scarcely made him any happier, for he would rather have lost twice the amount Hammond had scooped him for to any other broker.

He couldn't get it out of his mind that the boy across the corridor was laughing in his sleeve at him, and that jarred upon his nerves.

His sole thought now was to try and catch his business rival napping and do him up good and hard.

"I'll squeeze him as dry as a sponge," he gritted to himself, "if I can only get the chance."

The thing, however, was to get the chance.

CHAPTER V.

THE THREE SCHEMERS.

Nicholas Chadsey and Tom Hedden sat together in the former's office in the Mills Building.

It was the day after Harry Hammond had called in his options.

Each of them had been squeezed to the extend of \$15,000 by the boy broker, and they were madder than a whole nest of disturbed hornets.

On the top of it all they knew that the smiling young innocent, as they had often called Hammond, had collared over \$100,000 in profits out of the rise in L. & S.

"Who'd ever take him for such a slick card?" growled Hedden. "Why, I thought he was so easy that it was almost a shame to pluck him."

"And I thought it was just like finding money when he walked in here and asked me to sell him that option on 5,000 shares of L. & S.," gritted Mr. Chadsey.

"Same here. I never was surer of anything in my life than that the market was about to take a slump, instead of which——"

"It took an unexpected brace and helped that young fool to a small fortune," snorted the stout broker.

"That's what it did, and we are out over \$15,000 on that youngster's account, not speaking of our other losses. For my part, I don't mind the hole in my bank account so much as the fact that my fleece went to decorate the assets of that smiling young monkey."

"That's right," nodded Mr. Chadsey, chewing vengefully on his toothpick.

"It is simply beastly luck!" cried Tom Hedden, wrathfully.

"Do you know what I think?" said the stout broker, suddenly.

"What?"

"That boy got hold of a tip on L. & S. and deliberately worked us on the strength of it."

"Do you think so?" asked Hedden, in some surprise.

"I do," replied Mr. Chadsey, in a tone of conviction. "How otherwise would a young snip like him have the nerve to come to us and purchase two options of 5,000 shares each

on an apparently falling market? He stood every chance of being wiped out of the Street, unless his capital was bigger than I think it was."

"By George! I believe you're right."

"I know I'm right."

"I can tell you another thing. We're not the only ones that he tricked on the option business."

"What's that? Did he buy other options, too?"

"He bought one other option to my certain knowledge."

"Who from?" asked Mr. Chadsey, with some show of interest.

"You'll never guess," replied Mr. Hedden, with a slight grin.

"Tell me," requested the stout broker, impatiently.

"He soaked that sharp young Jay White, across the corridor from him, to the tune of 4,000 shares."

"The dickens he did!"

"That's a fact."

"Did White tell you so?"

"No; but he told a friend of mine and the story was passed on to me as a good joke."

"Well, I'm jiggered. That Hammond is a bird."

"He's a hawk in dove's feathers—that's the kind of bird he is," answered Hedden, with a snort of disgust.

"Then, instead of the \$120,000 we figured as his profits, he's made nearer \$200,000," said Mr. Chadsey.

"I'll wager he's made every cent of that."

"Look here, Hedden, are you going to stand for this kind of plucking? Suppose the Street was to learn how we were taken in by that cub, do you imagine we'd soon hear the last of it? Why, the boys would make our life a burden to us."

"I know they would, and I hope to gracious not a whisper of the transaction gets out. As to the standing for it, I don't see how you and I can very well help ourselves. He's got our good money in his pocket now, and that's all there is to it."

"You don't understand what I mean, Hedden," said the stout broker.

"Then please explain yourself."

"I will. He's got our money, yes, and the big profit on the rise of L. & S., say for argument's sake, \$200,000 all told."

"Well?"

"We must get that boodle away from him."

"How?"

"By enticing him into some scheme that will work to our advantage."

"I'm with you, Chadsey," replied the thin broker promptly, "if I can see my way clear to do it."

"It would be a good plan, I think, to take young White in with us. He must be sore on Hammond, too."

"I know he is."

"Good! Then I shall send for him, and the three of us will talk the matter up."

"All right," agreed Hedden. "When will you start the ball rolling?"

"Right away, while the iron is hot."

"That suits me, all right," replied Hedden, beginning to recover his usual good spirits at the prospect of getting back at the smiling boy broker.

"I'll make an appointment with White at this office for four this afternoon. I'll expect you to be on hand."

"I'll be here, don't you worry," answered Hedden, rising and throwing the butt of his cigar into the cuspidor.

Mr. Chadsey turned to his desk, wrote a note, put it into an envelope, and calling his office boy bade him deliver it to Jay White, at his office in the Barnum Building on Wall Street.

"If I'm not much mistaken," remarked the stout broker, as he rose, too, and put on his hat, "we'll trim that monkey's pin feathers to the queen's taste."

"It is to be hoped so."

"Well, let's go into Bradley's and have a mint julep."

The two brokers left the office, arm-in-arm, and presently took the elevator for the street.

Jay White was sitting in his den, chewing the cud of jealous disappointment, and trying to hatch up some scheme to get back at his successful rival across the corridor when Mr. Chadsey's messenger entered the reception-room and asked for him.

Teddy showed him into the private office, with his customary promptness.

White, in some surprise, read the note requesting him to call at Mr. Chadsey's office that afternoon at four o'clock.

"What does Mr. Chadsey want to see me for?" he asked himself.

He couldn't guess, and seeing no reason why he shouldn't call on the stout broker, he scribbled an affirmative reply, enclosed it in an envelope and gave it to the messenger to take back.

At four o'clock he walked into Mr. Chadsey's reception-room and was immediately admitted to the private office where he also found Tom Hedden.

Both brokers shook hands with Jay White in such a cordial way that the foxy boy broker began to suspect some design on his cash-box and was at once on his guard.

"You were probably surprised to receive my note calling for this interview, White," began the stout broker, fixing the boy with his ferret-like eyes.

"Somewhat," replied White, laconically and truthfully.

"To come directly to the point," went on Mr. Chadsey, "Mr. Hedden and I understood that you were caught on an option deal for 4,000 shares of L. & S. by that smooth-tongued young cub, Harry Hammond. Isn't it so?"

Jay White looked surprised and not particularly well pleased.

"I see I have touched a sore spot," laughed the stout man, "but perhaps you'll feel better when I tell you that both Hedden and myself also sold him options for 5,000 shares of the same stock, and that you have us for company in the soup tureen."

"Is that a fact?" gasped White, in astonishment.

"It is, and a most unpleasant fact, too," interjected Hedden, with a frown.

"Did you send for me simply to tell me that?" asked White warily.

"Not at all," answered Mr. Chadsey briskly. "We sent for you to ask you to unite with us in some plan to get square with your friend across the corridor. It struck Hedden and I that you'd be more than willing to help the good work along."

"Oh, I'm willing enough!" replied White slowly, "provided—"

"Provided what?" asked the stout broker.

"That you assure me this is a square deal."

"Don't worry about that. I guess you're smart enough to look out for your own interests. We're not looking for your money. We want your help."

"How can I help you?"

"That is to be considered. Your proximity to Hammond's office and your personal acquaintance with him, gives you a certain advantage, we take it."

"Perhaps it does," replied White, a bit doubtfully. "I've been counting him a chump until this lemon he handed out to me has kind of opened my eyes. He isn't quite so easy as I thought he was, though he does look softer than mush."

"His looks are certainly deceptive," admitted Mr. Chadsey. "Or else he has pig luck behind him. In any case, the fact remains that he has probably collared a cool \$200,000 out of the deal in L. & S. Now, Hedden and I have decided that we must get a good part, if not all, of that money away from him, if we can. To further that end we have called you in to help us, and are prepared to give you a third of the pickings."

This statement rather appealed to White, and he asked for further information.

"We haven't as yet decided on any plan of action," said the stout man. "This meeting is called for the purpose of figuring out some likely scheme that will stand some show of winning out. To begin with—what do you know about Hammond?"

"Well, he and I went to school together. We were chums in a way until we came to work in Wall Street, when we drifted apart. I entered Switzer & Co.'s office as messenger, and he secured a similar job with Stanton & Emory."

"Well?" ejaculated Mr. Chadsey.

"We both rose to be margin clerks and assistant bookkeepers when I got an unexpected legacy and concluded to go into business on my own account. I took that office in the Barnum Building, and the very day I moved into it I found a painter lettering the door of the opposite office with the name of Harry Hammond. I nearly dropped, for I had no idea he had any money, or intention of going into the business also. To make the matter worse, to took an agency for Western mining stocks—a specialty I had counted on having solely to myself in the building. That made him a direct business rival, and I didn't like it for a cent."

"I see," grinned the stout broker. "Where did Hammond get his money from to go into business?"

"His father left him a few thousand, but he got considerable more from his grandmother's estate."

"Have you any idea how much he started out with?"

"No. He's as close as an oyster out of water. You can't get anything out of him."

"Where does he live?"

"West 128th street. He, his mother and sister occupy a private house."

"Well, now let's put our heads together and see what we can hit upon that will take the wind out of this young chap's sails," said Mr. Chadsey.

They drew their chairs closer together and began to consider various propositions looking toward that end.

An hour later Jay White left Mr. Chadsey's office with a grin of satisfaction on his countenance, which implied that he thought he saw his way clear to a reckoning with Harry Hammond, his business rival.

CHAPTER VI.

IN A TOUGH WARD.

That night, when Harry Hammond got home from Wall Street, his sister handed him a letter which had been delivered by the letter-carrier that afternoon.

Harry tore the envelope open and took out a not over-clean half sheet of notepaper on which was scrawled some writing in an uneducated hand.

He ran his eye down to the signature before reading it, and made out the name of John Dolan, an old employee of his father's.

The note ran as follows:

"DEER MR. HAMMOND: I write to tell you that I am in a bad way, and to ask you to call and see me to-night without fail, at No. — Christopher street, rear tenement. I worked for your father, as you remember, for over twenty years, and did the square thing by him and he by me. I don't want no money from you, as I probably won't live 24 hours, but I want to see you about my little girl that mebbe you can do something for, as she won't have a friend after I am dead. Please don't fail, yours truly,

"JOHN DOLAN."

It was with some difficulty that Harry deciphered the writer's signature, but the meaning was clear enough—John Dolan, as honest and hard-working a man as ever lived, who had stood high as a faithful employee in his father's estimation, and who had been lost sight of since the death of Mr. Hammond, Sr., was at death's door and wanted to see him on a matter of importance that was evidently connected with his only daughter, who would be left an orphan by his death.

Well, surely poor John deserved that much consideration at his hands.

He showed the letter to his mother, and told her he intended to go down after dinner and see in what way he could be of service to the man.

"It is clear he wants us to do something for his daughter," said Mrs. Hammond. "You may tell him that we will give her a home until we decide upon her future."

"I will do so, mother. I dare say you can find some way to make her useful around the house if she is a good girl, as I presume she is."

At eight o'clock Harry Hammond got off the subway express at Fourteenth street and boarded a crosstown car, from which he alighted at Ninth avenue.

He walked down into Hudson street, and kept to the west side of that wide thoroughfare till he reached Christopher street.

Half-way between Hudson street and the ferry he found the house he was in search of.

It was a very common tenement, much out of repair, and with a narrow and filthy entry leading back to the yard beyond in which another building of similar character filled up the remainder of the 100-foot lot.

Dirty and half-clothed children played about the doorway, which adjoined a low-grade saloon.

There was another cheap barroom across the street, around the entrance to which Harry noticed several young fellows of tough aspect.

The boy's respectable appearance attracted only casual notice as he came down the street, seemingly bound for the ferry, but when he stopped to make inquiries relating to John Dolan, he drew upon himself considerable curiosity, and the residents of the immediate neighborhood began to take an interest in his movements.

The general feeling in that vicinity was not favorably inclined toward persons in the better walks of life.

There was an under-current of class hatred against the rich that made the people of that squalid district look with suspicion on any well dressed invader.

"This street is tougher than I had any idea it was," said Harry to himself, as he walked gingerly through the miserable hallway to the yard. "I remember now, Mickey Dooley said he lived on Christopher street near the ferry. I wonder if it is in this block? He's a tough youth, but he fills the bill all right for me. It's a wonder he isn't mobbed by the kids hereabouts on account of his good clothes. I haven't seen a half-decent suit on one of the urchins since I struck this neighborhood. How people can exist in such dirt and misery is more than I can understand."

He stepped into the yard, and right before him stood Mickey Dooley and Teddy Marks, engaged in a game of craps on the broken pavement.

The neat suits they wore in Wall Street were not now in evidence, instead they were clothed in cheap, second-hand trousers, with jackets to match, shirts without collars, torn shoes, and caps that might have been picked out of an ash-barrel somewhere uptown.

Both boys glanced carelessly up when Hammond paused before them, and as their sharp eyes recognized him, a look of the utmost astonishment came into their faces.

They sprang to their feet and stood looking at him rather sheepishly.

"Well, Mickey," said Harry pleasantly, "I didn't expect to run across you here. Do you live in one of these houses?"

"Yes, sir. Third floor front, sir. Dere's one of me sisters lookin' out of de back winders now," and Mickey pointed upward. "Dere's eight of us, sir. Me mudder, de old man, two brudders an' t'ree sisters an' meself. Watcher doin' down here, sir? Mighty tough street for a gent like youse to come to, 'cept yer goin' to de ferry. Yer wasn't lookin' for me, was yer?"

"Oh, no. I came down to call on a man named John Dolan, who lives in the rear building."

"I know de chap. Watcher want to see him fer? He's almost passed in his chips wit' de consumshun. Me mudder said he's liable to croak any minute."

"He sent me word that he wanted to see me."

"Yer know him, den?" asked Mickey, in some surprise.

"Oh, yes; he used to work for my father."

"Dat's it, eh? Mebbe he wants to pull yer leg for a fiver."

"What floor shall I find him on?"

"Top floor, two rooms back. Mind yer eye as yer go up. De stairs are de worst ever, and de lamps don't t'row out much-light."

"Thank you, Mickey, for the hint. I'll watch out," replied Hammond, moving off.

Mickey, however, followed and caught him by the sleeve.

"Yer don't intend to stay long, do yer, sir?" he asked earnestly.

"Why, Mickey?"

"I t'ought I'd warn yer dat dis is a tough street. It's all right at present, but when t'ings get quiet it ain't safe for a well-dressed gent like youse to be seen 'tween here an' de Nint' Ave'noo stashun. Dere's a bad gang holds out in de saloons. If yer stayed late, an' dey was to pipe yer off, dey'd slug yer for what yer've got on. It's gettin' on to nine now, so yer'd better cut yer visit short. Anyhow, Teddy and me'll wait for yer an' see yer up de street as far as de stashun."

"Don't worry about me, Mickey. I can take care of myself."

"Mebbe yer t'ink yer kin. It ain't one dat'll tackle yer, but t'ree or four'll jump onter yer at wunst. Yer wouldn't be one, two, t'ree wit' dem."

"Well, I'm much obliged to you for your warning, Mickey. Probably I shan't stay long upstairs."

"Dat's right. I wouldn't if I was youse."

Mickey returned to his game of craps and Harry Hammond entered the miserable building, the top floor of which poor John Dolan claimed as home.

CHAPTER VII.

HELD UP BY THE NIGHT OWLS.

Harry Hammond stayed longer in the poorly furnished rooms of John Dolan than he had any idea of.

Time flies under certain conditions, and this was an instance in question.

Dolan, who was dying fast, had much to tell the boy, and he could only speak slowly, with frequent intermissions when

his attenuated frame was racked with the terrible cough which had wasted his once powerful frame down to a mere shadow.

His daughter Maggie, a pretty girl of twelve years, sat and cried at the foot of the bed.

A woman from the next apartment, who had been doing something in the room, retired after Harry entered.

When half-past ten came Mickey Dooley grew impatient and hovered around the entrance to the rear tenement with Teddy Marks.

At eleven o'clock he walked up to the top floor and listened at the door of the Dolan rooms.

He heard Hammond's voice and retired to the yard again.

At half-past eleven he went upstairs again, intending to call attention to the hour, but his nerve gave out, and he came down without knocking.

"Dat's a long-winded visit," he remarked to Teddy. "Dis here ain't no hour for a Wall Street gent to be 'round dese diggin's. Me an' youse 'll have to wait up till he comes down. We've got to perfect him till he gets to de stashun."

It was just midnight when Harry Hammond came downstairs, and was surprised to find the boys waiting for him.

"Why aren't you in bed, Mickey?" he asked.

"'Cause we've got to see yer to de stashun."

"Why, do you think I need a bodyguard?" laughed Hammond.

"Sure t'ing. De Night Owls are roostin' all erlong de street."

"Night Owls!" exclaimed Hammond.

"Dat's right. One of de toughest gangs in de city. Dey'd sooner fight dan eat."

"And you think you could protect me from such a crowd, do you?" smiled the boy broker.

"Dunno," replied Mickey. "Me and Teddy knows some of dem, and if we stand out fer yer dey might let yer erlone. If dey tries to do yer, anyhow, yer kin count on us to do de best we kin for youse."

Hammond and the two small boys walked to the door of the entry opening on to the street.

As they stood looking warily up and down the silent thoroughfare, they heard the quick, solid tread of a solitary pedestrian echoing upon the sidewalk from the direction of the ferry.

As he passed under a gas-lamp they saw that he was a tall and well-built gentleman, whose garments indicated affluent circumstances.

He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but just straight ahead, like a man who, attending to his own business, does not look for interference from others.

Suddenly from a dark entry of a nearby house two shadows emerged the moment the prosperous-looking man had passed.

The shrill hoot of an owl disturbed the midnight silence of the street.

From an adjacent saloon came two rough-looking chaps, who joined the others.

The four fell in behind the stranger, while a fifth was seen slinking across the cobblestones at an angle that would bring him ahead of the pedestrian.

Mickey nudged Hammond's arm.

"Dem are Owls," he said. "Dat gent from de ferry 'll be down and out in less'n two minutes."

"Then we must warn and try to save him!" exclaimed Hammond, starting forward.

"Do yer wanten get done up?" cried Mickey, reaching out his hand to detain him.

Harry, however, shook him off and ran toward the gentleman.

As he did so, one of the roughs in the man's wake suddenly pulled out a sandbag and raised it in the air to strike his unconscious victim on the head.

"Look out behind!" shouted Hammond warningly, as he dashed at the group.

The gentleman turned, saw the descending bag and jumped aside.

The tough, almost overbalanced by the downward swing of the weighty sand-club, staggered a foot or two ahead.

Then something unexpected happened.

Hammond darted up and his arm shot out with lightning quickness.

Spat!

Down went the tough from a sledge-hammer blow under the ear, and he rolled half-stunned into the gutter.

For a moment the Owls stood aghast at the discomfiture of one of their number.

But only for a moment.

Encouraged by numbers, they sprang at Hammond and upon the gentleman in whose defense he had interfered.

Biff! Swat! Smash!

The boy broker was using his fists with professional swiftness, while he ducked the blows aimed at his head.

The gentleman also put up a strong resistance for a man of his years.

The hoot of the owl rang out again, shriller than before, and dark forms began to come forth from alleys, doorways and the all-night barrooms.

Not all of these were Owls, but they were more or less in sympathy with the ruffians that terrorized that quarter of the town.

The fight was growing hotter and more desperate for the two defenders, now being sorely pressed by the reinforcements hurrying to the scene.

Hammond received a staggering blow on the head, and a black-jack was raised by another tough to finish him when whack! came a stone behind the ruffian's ear, and he dropped bleeding and senseless to the sidewalk.

Mickey and Terry, hovering unnoticed on the fringe of the fight, had fired two heavy stones into the ranks of the enemy, and Mickey's aim at the rough with the black-jack had saved his young employer from a knockout.

Biff! Swat!

Hammond's fist beat a tattoo on two evil and liquor-inflamed faces in front of him.

"Kill the dude!" roared a third.

With a fierce imprecation, one of the Owls drew a revolver and aimed it point-blank at Hammond.

The boy saw the glint of the barrel and dodged as the fellow pulled the trigger.

A sharp cry came from the lips of an Owl behind him as the report shattered the night air.

The fellow had been in the act of bringing a wicked-looking club down upon the young broker's head when the bullet pierced his lung and he fell, clutching wildly at the air.

While that death-cry was still ringing in his ears, Hammond jumped forward and wrenched the revolver from the tough's hand.

Two Owls sprang to their associate's aid.

Swat!

A brick thrown by Mickey took one alongside the ear and he dropped stunned to the walk, while the boy broker brushed the other from his path with the butt of the revolver.

Hammond then backed up alongside the bleeding gentleman, whose back was against the wall of a house, and held the rest of the gang at bay with the gun.

By this time the whole block was aroused by the noise of the scrimmage, and more than half of the windows were filled with male and female heads.

The crack of a revolver was no unusual circumstance in that vicinity, and some kind of trouble almost a nightly occurrence; but this row bore ear-marks of something out of the common.

It looked as if the turbulent Owls, for once in their career, were having their hands full, though only two outsiders were opposed to them.

Already four of the gang had been knocked out, and one of these was dying where he lay.

The ruffians were furious, but not one of the bunch had the nerve to advance in the face of that threatening revolver in the hand of a determined boy.

Just then rose the warning cry: "A cop! Beat it! A cop!"

One policeman carried no great terror to the hearts of the gang.

Many an officer had they sent to the hospital, and they assumed a standing contempt for the police.

It was as much as a roundsman's life was worth to interfere, single-handed.

Yet they did it, for it was their duty.

The thought that their victims would escape under police protection so angered the Owls that, under the encouraging cry of a leader, they flung themselves at Hammond and the gentleman by his side.

Harry fired, and the foremost Owl went down with a bullet in his shoulder.

He pulled the trigger a second time, but this time without result.

The next moment he was in the center of a wild-eyed crowd. He slipped down and one fellow fell head over heels upon him.

Two bricks whizzed into the mob and badly damaged the faces of two of the Owls.

The policeman now came running up with his club in one hand and his revolver in the other.

He used the former with telling effect on the heads of the ruffians.

In self-defense, three of them attacked him.

More bricks, thrown by the valiant Wall Street messenger boys, created havoc in the ranks of the Owls.

Another policeman, attracted by the tumult, came running from the direction of Greenwich street.

The toughs were trying to get at the fallen young broker, but were bothered by their kicking comrade, whom Hammond held above him in such a way that he received the kicks intended for himself.

The first policeman had worked himself into the heart of the trouble and the Owl fell back, sullenly.

Hammond threw the fallen ruffian to one side and beat him with a blow from the revolver, which slipped out of his grasp.

Springing to his feet, he went for the thugs hammer and tongs, for his blood was now thoroughly up.

For a young fellow of his general build, who looked to be easy meat, his pugilistic efforts were a revelation.

The disheartened gang began to give way, but Hammond followed them up.

Biff! Whack! Swat!

He put it over one after another of them, while their blows fell harmlessly about him.

The arrival of the second officer on the scene completed the rout.

Sharp intonations of an owl resounded all around and the members of the gang broke like mist before the rising sun, seeking shelter in entries, saloons and other openings, until only the two officers, Mickey, Teddy, Hammond and the gentleman who had been the cause of the disturbance, remained in the street.

Six Owls lay about, half of them perfectly motionless.

The other casualties were shown in the bleeding face and torn clothes of the man who had come from the ferry, and a few cuts on Hammond's handsome countenance.

The riot, however, was over, with the victors in possession of the field.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TIP ON MISSOURI CENTRAL.

While one of the officers was asking for an explanation of the trouble from Hammond and the well-dressed stranger, the other was rapping the curb with his night-stick for assistance.

"I am thoroughly convinced that this young man saved my life to-night," said the prosperous-looking gentleman, with an earnestness that showed he meant it. "One of that gang was in the act of striking me down unawares from behind with a sand-bag when he shouted a warning, and I escaped by the narrowest possible margin."

"Well, I did the best I could for you, sir," replied Harry.

"I should say that you did," answered the gentleman, with some vehemence in his tone. "Why, you went for those rascals like a young cyclone. You're a wonder with your fists. I would never think you capable of such skill just to look at you."

"I took lessons from an ex-prize-fighter, sir, in order to learn how to protect myself in an emergency. I am very glad to say that my knowledge came in handy to-night."

"Well, I must take your names, gentlemen," said the officer, looking inquiringly at the stranger, while he held his notebook open in his hand.

"Mine is Alfred Borum."

"And your address?"

"No. — President street, Brooklyn."

"What is your business?"

"I am a banker, at No. — Wall Street."

"Now yours, young man?" said the officer, turning to Hammond.

"Harry Hammond, stock broker, Barnum Building, Wall Street."

Mr. Borum looked interested when he heard the boy's answer.

"I am pleased to hear that you are connected with Wall Street, young man," said the banker. "Here is my card. I hope you will drop in and see me soon. I shall be delighted to know you better."

"Thank you, sir," replied Harry, putting the card in his pocket. "It will afford me great pleasure to give you an early call."

Two more policemen now came up, and one of them was directed to telephone the station for a patrol wagon.

Mr. Borum and Hammond accompanied this officer as far as Greenwich street.

Instead of taking a Ninth avenue elevated train uptown, Harry volunteered to walk with the banker up to Fourteenth street, where they boarded a car that carried them across town to the subway station.

Here they parted, the banker taking a train for Brooklyn Bridge while Hammond got on an uptown Lenox avenue train.

Harry would have withheld all knowledge of the street row from his mother and sister but for the fact that the affair was printed in the morning paper, and he knew they would see it with his name and address as a conspicuous figure in the scrimmage.

However, he made the affair as light as he could, so as not to alarm them concerning the peril he had so luckily passed through with such little injury.

When he reached his office, Mickey told him that John Dolan had died about four o'clock, so he telephoned a well-known undertaker to assume charge of the remains, and remove the body to his mortuary chapel, pending interment.

The undertaker was directed to send Maggie Dolan to the Hammond home on 128th street as soon as her father's remains had been removed from the Christopher street tenement.

The majority of the Wall Street financiers read and talked about the attack on Alfred Borum, the well-known banker, by the Night Owl gang.

Harry Hammond was boosted into some temporary prominence by the spirited and effective fight he put on the banker's behalf.

Jay White read the account of the affair, and for reasons of his own came into Hammond's office to congratulate the boy broker upon his pluck.

Two days later, while Hammond was out of the office, the telephone bell rang.

Mickey answered the call with the usual "Hello!"

"Is that you, Sharpton?" asked a voice.

Before the office boy could say "No," the voice went on: "I've a sure tip for you, Sharpton. Watch Missouri Central. I have inside information that it's in line for a five or ten-point rise. I'd advise you to get 10,000 shares right away before heavy buying sends the price up, as it is certain to do in a few days. You can rely on this as the real goods. Chadsey and Hedden are to do the buying for the syndicate. Good-by!"

The speaker rang off and Mickey hung up the receiver, tickled at the idea of having got on to a pointer that would put his employer in the way of making a good haul out of the market.

As soon as Hammond came back, Mickey handed out the news with a satisfied grin.

"Are you sure those were the exact words of the message?" said Hammond, with considerable interest.

"Yes, sir," replied Mickey, promptly. "I put it down on dis paper. Youse kin read it for yerself," and the boy handed his boss a sheet from a memorandum pad on which he had scribbled the message as it came off the wire.

"Who did he call up?"

"When I said 'Hello!' he said, 'Is dis you, Sharpton?' Before I could open me mout' to say nixy, he began talkin' away de whole of dat stuff on dat paper."

"The wires must have got crossed somehow, or the girl at Central connected him with this office by mistake. Well, I'm much obliged to you, Mickey. I'll look into the matter, and if I find it's the real thing I'll make it all right with you."

"Tanks. Youse is welcome."

That afternoon Jay White came in and inquired if he knew of anybody who had some Missouri Central shares.

Harry pricked up his ears.

"No, I don't know anybody who has the stock," he replied, "but I dare say you can find a dozen brokers who have the shares. Did you hear that it was going up?"

"Perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't," answered White, with a sly look. "I'm not telling all I know."

His manner, however, indicated that he thought favorably of the stock.

Next morning Mr. Chadsey stopped Harry on the street and told him if he ran across any Missouri Central to buy it at the market price and send it C. O. D. to his office.

Not long after that Mr. Hedden tapped him on the shoulder, shook hands pleasantly and gave him a similar commission.

"There must be something stirring in Missouri Central," said the bright boy broker to himself. "According to that telephone message, Chadsey and Hedden were announced as the brokers who were going to do the buying, and they appear to be doing it all right. I think I'd better get in on this on the ground floor."

The ticker showed several sales of Missouri Central at 175, which was about the figure it had been ruling at for some time back.

Harry watched the indicator closely for the rest of the day and noticed a considerable number of sales of the stock on the Board.

He did not guess, though, that they were what are called "wash sales," and had been engineered by Chadsey, Hedden and Jay White to further their scheme.

The number of sales, however, had the effect of attracting some notice to the stock, and the price went up to 175 5-8.

Next morning Hammond made some inquiries around about Missouri Central, but could find nobody who had heard any reason for unusual activity in the shares.

There did not appear to be an over-abundance of the stock on the market, as far as he could ascertain.

Finally Hammond bought a couple of thousand shares at 176 and sent them to Mr. Chadsey, who promptly accepted and paid for them.

He bought another thousand and sent them to Mr. Hedden, who took them.

"I guess it will be safe enough for me to buy a few thousand shares for myself," he thought, as he sat in his office that afternoon.

Just then Mickey announced a visitor and was told to show him in.

His name was Rogers, and Hammond had never seen him before.

"You're the young broker who helped Banker Borum out the other night when he was attacked by the Night Owl gang, aren't you?" said the caller with an apparent show of interest.

Hammond admitted that he was the person.

"Then you are the man to do business for me. I have 5,000 shares of Missouri Central that I want to sell at 176. I am in a hurry to get out of town on important business. If you could let me have say 20 or 25 per cent. cash down I'll give you an order on the Washington Trust Company for the stock, to be delivered to your order when accompanied by the balance of the purchase price."

Harry considered the matter for a moment or two.

It was a pretty big deal for him to go into.

If anything went wrong with it his 20 per cent. payment, which would amount to \$176,000, would be in great jeopardy.

He might lose every cent of it.

He excused himself a moment and went out into the reception-room to look at the ticker.

He found that Missouri Central had gone up to 176 1-2.

By taking up the offer of Mr. Rogers he would be practically \$2,500 ahead of the game at the very start.

He returned to the private room and told his visitor he would take him up.

"All right," replied Mr. Rogers, briskly. "I'll write out the order."

He did so, and Hammond took him around to the safe deposit company where he kept his cash, for, being under age, he could not carry an account at the banks, and handed him the money.

Mr. Rogers departed, with a look of great satisfaction on his features.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BOOMERANG.

Next morning, to Harry's consternation, Missouri Central dropped back to 174.--

That meant an immediate loss to him of \$10,000.

At eleven o'clock it was down to 172, entailing a further loss of \$10,000.

By noon it had sunk to 170, putting him altogether \$30,000 to the bad.

"I can't understand this sudden and unexpected slump in Missouri Central," he said to himself. "What can it mean? Is there some hidden force at work in that syndicate?"

When he thought of the matter out, Mickey came in and handed him a letter.

"What's that?" asked Harry.

He was greatly surprised to see a young lady named Mary Taylor, whom he knew well, walk into his private room.

She was the daughter of a poor woman who had at one time worked for his mother, and Harry had got her a position as stenographer with Crosscup & Co., stock brokers, for which little act of kindness both she and her mother were very grateful to Harry.

"Why, Miss Taylor, this is an unexpected pleasure," exclaimed Hammond, jumping up and extending his hand to her. "Take a seat."

"I can't stay but a minute," she replied, with a note of excitement in her voice, as she sat down. "I've got something to tell you—something I'm sure you ought to know."

"Well, if you're sure I ought to know it, I am naturally eager to learn what it is."

"Do you know a gentleman—a broker—by the name of Chadsey?"

"Why, yes; but not very well."

"He seems to be an enemy of yours."

"An enemy of mine! What put that into your head?" said Hammond, in some surprise.

"Because he is working against you, Mr. Hammond," she said, earnestly.

"How can you know that?"

"I will tell you. I overheard Mr. Chadsey, who is a particular friend of Mr. Crosscup, talking to him this morning about a scheme he and two other gentlemen named Hedden and White, have under way to do you up, as he called it."

"Do me up, eh?" said Hammond, with great interest.

"Yes. They mean to squeeze you on Missouri Central."

"Missouri Central!" cried Hammond, looking hard at the girl.

"That's what they call it. Mr. Chadsey says he put you on to a bogus tip over the 'phone a few days ago, and that you've fallen into their trap."

"He said that, did he?"

"He did. He told Mr. Crosscup he had formed a syndicate to bear Missouri Central, but previous to beginning operations he had, by means of wash sales between himself and brokers Hedden and White, forced up the shares on the market nearly two points to carry out the illusion of the tip he put in your way. Then he sent a man to you with 5,000 shares for sale at 176, the market price of the stock. You bought the shares, he said, and paid \$176,000 on account. You cannot get the shares until you pay the balance of the purchase price, \$704,000, I think he said. The syndicate has got control of about all the shares on the open market, and he, backed up by brokers Hedden and White, are going to sell the stock short until the price goes down to a point that will wipe out your 20 per cent. interest in the shares held by the Washington Trust Company."

This was startling news for Harry, who had the greater part of his capital invested in Missouri Central on the strength of the fake tip.

That evidently was the secret of the decline of the stock all morning.

Chadsey, Hedden and Jay White were selling the stock short for the syndicate, which was their original programme, and they had only delayed operations until they had caught him in the toils.

Hammond thought he detected the reason for this put-up job—Chadsey, Hedden and White were trying to get back at him for the neat way he had scooped them on the L. & S. options.

Well, they had played their cards well, he could not help admitting, and they had him in a pretty tight box.

The only way out was to sacrifice his interest in the 5,000 shares, and every moment he delayed doing it represented further loss to him.

"I am very much obliged to you, Miss Taylor, for running over her to tell me this. It may save me a good deal of money. I've been tricked, and will have to use some ingenuity to save myself from a considerable loss. It is something, however, to be forewarned as to the intentions of the enemy. I have no doubt it would give them a whole lot of satisfaction to clean me out entirely if they could only manage to do it."

"I am so sorry that you are in danger of losing money, Mr. Hammond. If I could have got away from the office sooner I should have come before, but this is the only chance I have had—my lunch hour."

"Well, Miss Taylor, it was very good of you to interest yourself in my affairs, and I assure you I shall not forget it."

"I am happy to be able to make some slight return for

your kindness in getting me the position I hold, which is a good one," she replied, earnestly, as she rose to go.

"Don't mention it," he answered. "It was a pleasure for me to do it for you."

He accompanied her to the door and then rushed for a look at the ticker.

Missouri Central had gone to 167—representing a loss to him of \$45,000.

"I must try and get out from under the best way I can," he breathed, returning to his den for his hat.

His intention was to go among the brokers and try and get rid of his holding in Missouri Central at the best figure he could.

"If I only had three-quarters of a million to call on I could save myself and give the conspirators the laugh. All I'd need to do would be to make good the balance of the price of the shares at the trust company, and then lay back on my oars and wait till the stock reacted, which it is bound to do as soon as they quit pounding it. But I haven't the money and so I suppose I'll have to pay the piper."

At that moment Mickey announced another visitor—Banker Alfred Borum.

"Ah, going out, Mr. Hammond!" exclaimed his caller, as they shook hands. "Well, I can call another time, or, what would do just as well, you could call and see me as you promised to do, but have not done as yet."

"Well, I am in rather a bit of a hurry. The fact of the matter is, I'm in a hole. Perhaps if I was to tell you just how I am situated you might see your way to offering me some substantial advice."

"I shall be most happy to advise you if I can. It would give me great pleasure to assist you out of your trouble, whatever it is."

"Thank you, sir. To be plain with you, I'm the victim of the squeeze game."

"In what way, Hammond?"

"Take a seat, Mr. Borum, and I will make it clear to you."

Harry at once put the banker in possession of all the facts of the case, including the disclosure just made to him by Miss Mary Taylor.

"How low has Missouri Central gone to-day?" asked the banker.

Harry stepped out and took another glance at the ticker.

"It is now 166," he answered when he got back, "a loss of ten points since the Exchange opened."

"And that means——"

"That I am \$50,000 out at this moment, with every chance that I'll be another \$50,000 to the bad before I can sell out."

"Why sell at all? Why not hold until the shares recover? The nominal value of Missouri Central is anywhere from 175 to 180, and it is only a question of a few days before it will get back to those figures."

"I haven't the money to hold on."

"How much would you need to save yourself?"

"I ought to have \$700,000 to get full control of the stock I have bought."

"It's a rascally trick to fleece you in this underhanded way, but many brokers think any kind of a sharp practice is as fair in Wall Street as in love and war. It is a common saying that if you don't shear your neighbor he'll shear you."

"It makes me angry to think I was such a simpleton as to walk into the snare these chaps spread for me. They will have a fine laugh on me."

"They will unless you checkmate them."

"That is impossible without plenty of money."

"What is the exact sum you need to take the shares out of the trust company?"

"Seven hundred and four thousand dollars."

"Very well, Hammond, I will give you my check for that amount now," said the banker.

"Mr. Borum!" exclaimed Harry, in astonishment. "You cannot mean that, surely?"

"I do. You can turn the stock over to me as security for the loan."

"Mr. Borum, how can I thank you?"

"I'm not saying anything more about it. You saved my life the other night, and it gives me great satisfaction to be able to help you out of your scrape."

Hammond held out his hand to the banker and the gentleman took it.

Now we shall be able to block the little game of Messrs. Hammond, White, and Chadsey. The next thing is to turn the tables on them and have the joke on your side. He laughs at last, you know."

"But how can such a result be managed?" asked Hammond, in some excitement.

"By buying all the stock of Missouri Central they can offer."

"But that would take millions, probably," almost gasped Harry.

"It will not take so much as you think," replied Mr. Borum, calmly.

"It will not?"

"No. I happen to know exactly how much stock they can control at the outside. They may have the full amount in their hands, or they may not. At any rate, they cannot have more than a certain number of shares, for the Independent Trust Co., of which an intimate friend of mine is president, holds the controlling interest in the road. That interest is not for sale, and may therefore be considered out of the market. The fight then will be confined to the floating shares, of which you have bought 5,000, and we will assume this syndicate has purchased the rest some days ago. I will go into this battle with you against the syndicate; that is, I will finance you. Go ahead and get some reputable Exchange broker to execute your orders. Direct him to take every share the syndicate offers. I have money enough to exhaust their holdings, and then you'll have them where the shoe pinches. With the shares in our possession, and the certain knowledge that they cannot purchase a single share anywhere to cover their short interest, the syndicate is bound to go to the wall. There will be nothing to prevent you from running Missouri Central up to 200 or over, and you will be in a position to dictate a settlement. This disreputable scheme to part you from your money will prove the biggest boomerang they ever faced in their Wall Street career. I'll wager it will be in your power to put every man jack of them out of business if you choose to take full advantage of your power."

"My gracious!" exclaimed the boy broker, almost startled by the possibilities that lay within his grasp.

CHAPTER X.

A WALL STREET WATERLOO.

Harry Hammond and Banker Borum went together to the Washington Trust Company, where the boy broker handed in Mr. Borum's check, after endorsing it, and received the envelope containing five \$1,000 Missouri Central stock certificates.

In the fight that Hammond was now about to start against the syndicate that was selling M. C. short, it was arranged that every share of stock purchased by Harry's representative on the floor of the Exchange was to be delivered C. O. D. at the Borum Bank.

Mr. Borum knew to a small fraction the full amount of shares that were likely to figure in the deal, and had the cash on hand to settle for them.

When those shares were all in the syndicate would be driven into a corner.

As matters now stood, Hammond saw that he had all the trump cards in his hand.

All that remained for him was to play the game out to its logical conclusion, which was certain victory for himself.

It was certainly an exhilarating thought.

No wonder that his customary smile was unusually childlike and bland when he met Jay White in the elevator on his return to the Barnum Building.

White was rather surprised to notice the remarkable cheerfulness of his rival in the face of the decline in Missouri Central, which by that time represented a clear loss to Hammond of nearly \$75,000.

He couldn't resist making a remark on the subject.

"Missouri Central seems to be going to the dogs this morning," he said, with a grin.

"Oh, that won't last," replied Hammond, pleasantly. "I got a tip over the 'phone the other day that it would certainly make a ten or fifteen-point advance, so this little flurry doesn't bother me."

White felt like laughing himself for very joy at Hammond's seeming confidence in a losing game, as well as his admission that he was interested in the fortunes of Missouri Central.

"How many shares have you got?" asked White, though that was a superfluous question, for he knew well enough that Hammond had been loaded up with the 5,000 that Mr. Chadsey had sent him through Mr. Rogers.

"A few thousand," replied Harry, carelessly, as they stepped

out of the elevator at the third floor; "but I expect to buy more."

"Oh, you do!" cried White. "Well, I guess you can get all you want at the Exchange. It's going to send there."

"Stocks are like trees; trees in their turn bloom and yield a harvest of fruit."

"So I've heard," snickered White, "but M. C. is likely to produce a harvest of bankruptcy to any one who is long on it at present."

"Not if he has the dough to hold on."

"Do you mean to say you've got the dough to hold on to 5,000 shares that cost you 176 and have gone down 15 points since morning?"

"How do you know I have 5,000 shares, and that I paid 176 for them?" retorted Hammond, sharply.

"Why, you said so, didn't you?" replied White, in some confusion, as he realized he had made a slip of the tongue.

"I'm not in the habit of exposing my business," answered Harry. "I never told you such a thing."

"I must have got you mixed up with some other man, then, who I know is long on M. C. to that extent."

Hammond knew White was lying, but he let it go at that. It was satisfaction enough for him to see that his business rival had betrayed himself.

Next morning Missouri Central opened at 156—a drop of 20 points in twenty-four hours.

The bear operators apparently had everything their way.

But suddenly they struck a snag.

Mr. Schlumm, of Schlumm & Engle, a well-known broker, started in to stem the downward tide.

He wanted Missouri Central shares.

They were flung at him at once.

That didn't faze him for a cent.

He gathered it in as fast as it was offered.

Mr. Chadsey stood agape at the apparently reckless buying he was indulging in.

So did Mr. Hedden.

The fight, however, was on and they had to support their end.

Missouri Central's downward plunge stopped short and it began to rise, an eighth at a time, in spite of the frantic efforts of Messrs. Chadsey and Hedden.

"Who the dickens is Schlumm buying this stock for?" Mr. Chadsey remarked to his partner in the game, in an anxious whisper.

"Give it up," replied Hedden, shortly, for he wasn't pleased with the outlook.

"He's bought \$3,000,000 of it so far," growled Chadsey. If he can keep that up long enough, I see our finish."

"He won't be able to keep it up. We've \$3,000,000 worth more at our back."

"That's right," replied Chadsey, brightening up.

The battle went on.

When the Exchange closed for the day, nearly \$2,000,000 more of Missouri Central had changed hands at prices varying from 158 to 160, and Mr. Schlumm's resources seemed to be unlimited.

Messrs. Chadsey and Hedden found several members of the syndicate waiting for them at the former's office.

They looked worried.

"How do we stand?" they asked.

Mr. Chadsey told them.

"The situation looks bad," said one operator, gloomily.

"That's what it is. We've only about a million dollars' worth of stock left. With the tide on to-morrow, it may go like hot cakes."

"We must sell what we haven't got, then," said Mr. Chadsey. "We must keep the price down or we are lost."

"Suppose we lose our grip in the end and then find ourselves unable to make good our contracts?"

Mr. Chadsey shrugged his shoulders.

He knew only too well that such a crisis spelled ruin.

The syndicate could throw up its hands when its last share had been delivered, pocket the known loss and retire from the field; or it could keep on selling on a chance of exhausting the capital at the back of Schlumm.

It was a momentous decision they had to make upon that afternoon.

It was finally resolved to see the thing through to the limit.

Next morning the fight for the control of the situation was renewed.

Schlumm welcomed every share flung at him, with the avidity of a drowning man grasping at a straw.

The perspiration stood out on the brows of Messrs. Chadsey and Hedden.

At last their last block of Missouri Central had been swallowed up by Schlumm, who still shouted for more.

The syndicate had received checks from Banker Borum, who was supposed to be acting for the buyer, to the amount of \$6,500,000; but they had parted with stock which represented \$7,000,000.

They owed \$6,000,000 on it, and the bulk of the checks went to liquidate their indebtedness.

If they dropped out now the shares would go up from 10 to 20 points in no time.

The only way to hold the price down was to keep on selling on the chance of being able to buy the stock back later at a lower figure in order to fill their contracts.

They were sure now that they were bucking against a bull syndicate.

The question was, how long could that pool stand the cash drain?

If it was equal to all demands, then the Chadsey, Hedden and White combine would go to the wall.

So the battle went on until two o'clock, and then Chadsey dared go no further.

He and Hedden threw up the sponge, and immediately Missouri Central began to soar like a bird, amid a pandemonium of excitement.

The members of the broken syndicate then brought out their half million and made a scramble to cover their shorts.

They were paralyzed to find that they couldn't buy a share at any price.

When three o'clock struck every member of the syndicate realized that he was probably a ruined man.

The papers that night were full of the remarkable fight on the Stock Exchange, between the rival factions over Missouri Central, and nothing else seemed to be talked about in Wall Street.

Everybody wondered who was at the back of Schlumm & Engle.

It must be a syndicate of important brokers to be financed so heavily by the Borum Bank, which was regarded as a very conservative house, as well as a solid one, for Alfred Borum himself was classed among the multimillionaires of New York.

Next day the truth was out, when the shorts were notified to call on Harry Hammond and settle.

Wall Street was amazed.

What, that boy broker the master of the situation!

A youth of eighteen, who did business in an insignificant-sized office in the Barabum Building, was he the person who was dictating terms to half a dozen of the smartest brokers on the Street?

It seemed incredible.

Yet it was the fact not to be disputed.

Harry Hammond had cornered the visible supply of Missouri Central stock.

The Independent Trust Co., which held the majority of the road's stock, could have turned the tide against Hammond by throwing its shares on the market, but, of course, it wouldn't do such a foolish thing.

It was to the interest of the trust company to keep the price up, not send it down.

Missouri Central was now booming to beat the band.

The Exchange was in a fever of excitement over it.

Nearly every broker wanted to buy some shares, but they were not for sale; that is, not until Hammond had dictated terms of settlement with his debtors.

The reader will have to imagine the rage and dismay of Nicholas Chadsey, Tom Hedden and Jay White, when they learned who held their fate in his hand.

Chadsey swore that Hammond must be the figurehead of some syndicate, for he knew it had taken something like eight millions in cash to swing the deal.

It was preposterous to think that that eighteen-year-old boy had been himself able to control so much money.

His opinion, however, did not alter the fact that he and his associates had to present themselves before Harry Hammond in his little office and eat humble pie.

That's what broke the hearts of Chadsey, Hedden and White.

CHAPTER XI.

EATING HUMBLE PIE.

Jay White was the first to call on Harry Hammond, with a view to a settlement.

He was not as heavily involved as the others, but still he was just as much at the mercy of his business rival.

Harry Hammond was in a position to force a settlement at

a figure that would drive White out of the Street, and the boy knew it.

It was gall and wormwood to him to have to humble himself, but he had to do it.

Harry, however, was generous and let him off easy, but, nevertheless, it made a big hole in his resources.

He retired to his own office quite downcast, but very glad to have escaped the extreme penalty.

Mr. Chadsey and Mr. Hedden came into Hammond's office together.

Chadsey was especially nervous and excited.

"My heavens, Hammond!" he exclaimed. "We are utterly ruined unless you let up on us."

"That's the truth," nodded Hedden. "Mr. Chadsey and myself are 6,000 shares short on Missouri Central. At 200, or ten points above the market price at present, we can just manage to squeeze through. If you won't settle at that figure, we have only our seats in the Exchange to fall back on. It's up to you whether you treat us white or drive us out of the Street."

"Is it as bad as that with you?"

"Yes, it is," replied Mr. Hedden, in a tone of voice that left no doubt but he spoke the truth.

"Well, I'm sorry to hear it, gentlemen; but who is to blame if not yourselves?"

"It's the fortune of war."

"That's all right, but let me ask you a question."

"Ask us as many as you wish. You are the doctor. You hold the whip hand over us. It's tough to have to take our hats off to a mere boy, but," Mr. Hedden shrugged his shoulders, "you have got us where the hair is short, and we can't kick."

"What did you intend to do with me if the boot was on the other leg?"

"What do you mean by that, Hammond?"

"Look here, gentlemen, you know you have been caught in your own trap."

"In our own trap! Explain yourself."

"I intend to. You and Mr. Chadsey, with the connivance of my old chum, Jay White, put up a mighty mean job against me."

"What's that?"

"You worked a fake tip on Missouri Central over the 'phone to me. I admit I took the bait to the extent of permitting you to saddle 5,000 shares of stock on me at 176. I really believed the stock was going up, as you meant it should. Next morning I woke up to the fact that it was bound in the other direction. I could not understand the matter at first. I did not then suspect that I was the victim of a pretty small piece of business for reputable brokers to engage in; but a light came to me after I was \$50,000 to the bad. I discovered the general particulars of your game. Then I started in to try and save myself. I found I could not extricate myself without suffering a heavy loss—possibly every dollar I had paid to your man Rogers, who came to me with a false story on his lips. You had arranged this syndicate beforehand for 'bearing' Missouri Central. You had got control of about all of the floating shares. You intended to do me out of that \$176,000 and divide it between you two and Jay White. This was just a little squeeze game you intended to hand me out as an independent side issue to the syndicate matter. You wanted to get square with me for catching you to the extent of a few paltry thousands on those L. & S. options. You had the game in your hands all right until I found a good angel at the eleventh hour. This good angel not only let me have the necessary money to block your purpose, but he furnished me with the sinews of war to carry the fight right into your own camp. Well, what has been the result? I have beaten you and your syndicate to a standstill. Who is to blame, then, for your finding yourselves in a hole? Yourself. If you hadn't tried to do me I never should have monkeyed with Missouri Central, and you and your syndicate would probably be figuring on your profits to-day instead of eating humble pie in my office."

Every word Harry Hammond uttered was the exact truth, and both Chadsey and Hedden knew it; but they were astonished to learn that he was wise to their unsportsmanlike

"What did you get all this information?" asked Mr. Hedden.

"I got it from your own lips," replied Harry. "Let it suffice that I know."

"Why we've been beaten, eh? And your good angel was he? Was it Borom, the banker?"

"I don't know to answer that, too."

"It must have been he, for he paid for every share of Missouri Central we sold to your broker at the Exchange."

"Enough of this," interposed Mr. Chadsey, impatiently. "What are you going to do with us? We are ready and able to pay you ten points above the ruling price for 6,000 shares of M. C. It will take our last available dollar, but that fact can cut but little ice with you, who are the czar of the situation. Will you let us off at that figure?"

"Before I state my terms, Mr. Chadsey, I want you to acknowledge the trick you played upon me."

The stout broker was silent.

He looked at Mr. Hedden, and his side-partner nodded gloomily.

"Well," replied Mr. Chadsey, and the words came from him like the drawing of a tooth, "we acknowledge the corn. We did try to do you."

"You endorse Mr. Chadsey's admission, I presume, Mr. Hedden?"

That gentleman nodded.

"Do you think that was a fair thing to do against a boy only a few months in the Street on his own account? Isn't Wall Street full of snares enough without experienced operators like you adding your mite to trip up a newcomer? How much satisfaction would it have given you in the long run to have driven me from the district?"

"Every broker is out for his neighbor's scalp," replied Mr. Chadsey, doggedly.

"Is he? I wasn't aware that the custom was so universal as you would have me believe. Are you sure you are not libeling the fraternity? Isn't there honor and decency in the brokerage business as well as shrewdness?"

His visitors were silent.

"Now we will come to my terms. Mr. Hedden has offered me, in behalf of himself and you, ten points above the market price for 6,000 shares of M. C. Suppose I refuse to accept this? I have complete control of Missouri Central at this moment. The price will go above the figure you offer before the Exchange closes. It may go to 215 to-morrow."

"Not if the Independent Trust Co. throws its holdings on the market," replied Mr. Chadsey. "That would break your corner and probably swamp you."

"The Independent Trust Co. will do nothing of the kind."

"How do you know it won't? The temptation of such a price as 200 or over which you are forcing may be too great for the company to resist. Were I the president I should take advantage of the situation to realize. The stock is bound to go down later and the company could buy its stock back again at a handsome profit. You had best go slow, young man, or you may find yourself in the soup."

"Don't worry about me, Mr. Chadsey. The trust company will not imitate your underhand tactics. I have a complete understanding with the president."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed the stout broker, clearly astonished.

Mr. Hedden also looked bewildered.

"You see, gentlemen, you haven't the slightest loophole by which to escape. Now, suppose I ask you 210 or 214 for those 6,000 shares? What then?"

The cold sweat came out on the stout man's forehead.

"We should each have to make an assignment, and we'll be sold out under the rule or at private sale to satisfy your demand," he answered, with almost a groan.

"Yes," replied Harry, quietly, "I think that is what would happen to you. It isn't a pleasant prospect that you face, gentlemen."

The boy broker was certainly rubbing it into them.

He was taking his revenge in his own fashion.

But he did not really intend to drive them to the wall.

He was satisfied with frightening them out of their boots.

There was a painful silence in the room.

Then Harry rang his bell.

When Mickey answered the summons he said:

"What is the last quotation of Missouri Central?"

The boy disappeared, but returned in a few minutes.

"One hundred and ninety-five bid."

"Gentlemen," said the boy broker, turning to the men he had in his grip, "you heard him. Those are my terms. I will not squeeze you a single point above the market. I think you have been hit badly enough as it is. You can settle at 195."

"Do you mean that?" cried Hedden, jumping to his feet.

"I do."

"Mr. Chadsey," said the thin broker, "I think Hammond is treating us uncommonly white. What do you think?"

"By ginger! I agree with you, Hammond, your hand. We

did you dirty and you take your revenge by acting generously. From this moment I am your friend."

"And you can count me in, too," said Mr. Hedden.

The boy broker had won something of more importance even than money.

CHAPTER XII.

A SOUTHERN RAILWAY CERTIFICATE.

Hammond settled with the other members of the syndicate on the same terms he offered to Chadsey and Hedden.

Altogether, the pool was 15,000 shares short, and the boy's profit on those shares amounted to \$650,000.

Everybody wanted Missouri Central because it was going up, and because it was as scarce as hen's teeth.

He gradually let out the 40,000 shares he had bought from the syndicate at prices varying from 155 to 165, at an average of 205, clearing about \$1,800,000, which, of course, went to Mr. Borum.

Finally he sold the 5,000 shares that Mr. Chadsey had bunked him into taking at 176.

After deducting nearly \$15,000 he paid to Schlumm & Engle for commissions, and a large sum as a recompense to Banker Borum for financing the deal, Harry Hammond found that his total profits amounted to a little over \$150,000.

Of course, all Wall Street was astonished at the remarkable success of Harry Hammond, the boy broker of the Barnum Building.

His feat of driving a bear syndicate to cover and then effecting a corner in Missouri Central was a three days' wonder, and dozens of brokers found some excuse to visit the clever boy at his office, and congratulate him on the showing he had made so early in his Wall Street career.

Everybody agreed that he was a comer, maybe the future King of Wall Street.

The money he had made out of the deal had been magnified into millions by the general run of the denizens of the Street as well as by the press.

In fact, one paper, in its Sunday edition, devoted a whole page to Harry Hammond, under the general head of "The Boy Who Cornered a Stock," and the article represented him as having made two million by the operation.

At any rate, Hammond was looked upon as a personage of considerable importance in the financial jungle, and his business increased to such an extent that he had to hire a bookkeeper and a stenographer.

Under these circumstances he found his quarters rather cramped, but there was no desirable suite vacant in the building, and as he didn't care to move to another location he concluded to worry along with his present offices.

About ten days after the end of the corner in Missouri Central, he was sitting in his office figuring upon the advisability of buying a few thousand shares of stock that gave signs of unwonted activity, when Mickey announced a caller.

"What did you say his name was, Mickey?"

"Mr. James McNabb."

"I don't know him. Did you ask him what he wanted to see me about?"

"Yes, sir. He wouldn't tell me."

"Well, show him in."

Whereupon Mickey ushered Mr. McNabb into the private office.

"You are Mr. Hammond, I believe?" said Mr. McNabb, with a flourish of his pocket handkerchief.

He was pockmarked and sandy-featured, had ferret-like eyes and looked uncommonly sharp.

"Yes, sir, that is my name," replied the boy broker, who did not fancy his visitor much. "Take a seat and let me know how I can be of service to you."

"Thanks," replied Mr. McNabb, taking possession of the chair alongside of Hammond's desk. "Rather a warm day, don't you think?"

"Yes, it's quite warm for a spring day."

"By the way, Mr. Hammond," said McNabb, in a familiar and confidential manner, "you have acquired a remarkable reputation for a young man. You must have made several million out of that corner in Missouri Central."

"Excuse me, Mr. McNabb, but I am very busy. Will you please inform me what your business is with me?" replied Hammond, shortly.

"I was coming to it," answered the sandy-complexioned man, briskly, with another wave of his handkerchief. "The matter is this: I am promoting a syndicate to buy a well-known stock for the purpose of effecting a corner in the shares and making several million out of the credulous public. Here

is a list of the gentlemen who have agreed to put in half a million each. How would you like to go in with us? I can assure you that you will easily double your investment."

"I don't care to go into a blind pool. I prefer to control my own money, sir."

"But this is bound to be an A1, copper-fastened cinch," replied Mr. McNabb.

"It may prove to be all you claim for it, but, nevertheless I don't care to go into it," answered the boy broker, firmly.

"You're foolish, young man," persisted Mr. McNabb. "This is the best thing you ever struck in your life."

"What is the name of the stock you propose to boom?"

"Oh, come now, Mr. Hammond, you couldn't expect me to tell you that unless you promised to go into this pool," said his visitor, with a knowing grin.

"All right," replied the boy. "You will have to excuse me taking an interest in this combine."

"Then you won't go in with us?"

"No, sir; I don't care to tie up any of my money in the way you propose."

Mr. McNabb looked disappointed.

"Well, if you won't go in you won't, I suppose," he said.

"That's right."

"You'll be sorry when you find out what you've missed," said Mr. McNabb, as he rose to go.

"It is possible, but not probable," replied Hammond.

"Then I wish you good-day," said his visitor.

"Good-day, Mr. McNabb."

Then the syndicate promoter left.

Next day a middle-aged woman, clad in deep black, was shown into Hammond's den.

When she lifted her veil Harry saw that she must have been a great beauty when she was younger, for she was still a very fine-looking woman.

"You are Mr. Hammond?" she asked, interrogatively.

"Yes, ma'am. How can I serve you?"

"I have a certificate for a hundred shares of Southern Railway, which was left to me by my husband, who died recently. I should like to dispose of it, for I need the money. I came to you, because I saw your name mentioned in such complimentary terms in the newspapers, as an unusually smart and honest broker. My husband was victimized so often in Wall Street by unscrupulous brokers that I have very little confidence in them as a general thing. I think from the look of your face, Mr. Hammond, that you will do the right thing by me."

She flashed a sweet, confiding sort of look on Harry that quite captivated him.

"Thank you, madam, for your flattering opinion. I guess you'll find that every reputable broker will treat you in a straightforward manner. Where is this stock you spoke about?"

The lady opened a small box she carried in her hand and took therefrom a stock certificate for 100 shares in the Southern Railway Co.

The boy broker looked it over and it seemed to be all right. Southern Railway was a gilt-edged security, and was then ruling at 226.

The certificate therefore was worth \$22,600.

Hammond, however, never purchased either bonds or stock from strangers without verifying their genuineness.

"Well, madam, if you will leave this with me I have no doubt I can sell it to-day. You can call any time after-ten tomorrow and I shall probably have the money for you."

"I wanted to leave town this afternoon for an extended trip. I thought you would buy it from me and let me have the money at once."

"I do not care to buy it myself, but as you are in such a hurry to get rid of it I'll run out and sell it for you. Call back in an hour."

His visitor looked disappointed.

"I don't like to have to come back again," she said, nervously. "Couldn't you let me have the \$22,000 now? You may keep the rest for your trouble in selling the security."

As his commission for disposing of the stock would only be \$12.50, Harry was manifestly surprised at the woman's proposition, which he could not for a moment think of accepting.

He wasn't a Wall Street shark, to take advantage of a customer's ignorance or foolishness.

"You will have to excuse me, madam. I cannot possibly accept your offer. It would be nothing short of robbery to take such a sum from you for selling your stock certificate. My charges are one-eighth of one per cent. for either buying or selling—no more."

His visitor gave indications of embarrassment.

Finally she asked him if he would lend her \$5,000 on the stock, holding the certificate as security.

The lady's persistence in trying to get some money out of him at once aroused a suspicion in his mind that all might not be right in the matter.

He was a quick thinker and decided what he would do.

"Very well, madam, if you will wait about fifteen minutes I will get you the money," he said, reaching for his hat.

"I will take your check," she said, eagerly.

"I don't give checks, madam. As I am under age I have to do all my business on the cash basis. I won't keep you any longer than it takes me to run up to the safe deposit company to get the money."

She seemed to be satisfied with his explanation, and Hammond left his den.

"I am going out a little while, Mickey," he said to his office boy. "Keep your eye on the lady in the private room. If she leaves before I get back, follow her and see where she goes."

"Yes, sir," replied Mickey, promptly.

Hammond did not go to the safe deposit vaults.

He hailed a cab and drove to the office of the Southern Railway Company.

Being admitted to the secretary's office he laid the certificate of stock on that gentleman's desk.

"I should like to have the genuineness of that certificate verified, if you will kindly take the trouble to do so."

"Certainly," replied the secretary.

He took the certificate and consulted his record book.

"Where did you get this certificate, Mr. Hammond?" asked the gentleman, when he returned to his desk.

Harry explained that it had been brought to his office by a lady who said her deceased husband had left it to her.

"Have you the lady's address?"

"No. But that is unnecessary. She is waiting in my office for me to return with \$5,000, which I promised to loan her on the certificate."

"Good!" replied the gentleman. "I will go back with you and we will have a detective from the Wall Street Bureau meet us at the door," said the secretary, taking up his desk telephone.

"Why," exclaimed Hammond, in some excitement, "is this certificate a forged one?"

"Oh, no; but it was stolen, together with other securities, from the residence of Oliver Hobbs, the financier, at Cliff Haven, two months ago."

"Good gracious! Then this woman——"

"May be innocent of any complicity in the theft, or she may be an accomplice of the robber or robbers. That is what we must find out. If she be the latter we may be able to get a line on the thief through her."

Hammond and the secretary of the Southern Railway Company found a detective waiting for them at the main entrance to the Barnum Building.

The three went directly to Hammond's offices.

The lady, however, was no longer in the office, and Harry noticed that Mickey was also missing.

CHAPTER XIII.

HAMMOND BUYS MORE DEAD SHARES.

"The lady has gone," said Hammond, when they walked into the private office.

"That's unfortunate," replied the secretary, with a look of disappointment.

"Her disappearance doesn't speak well in her favor," remarked the boy broker.

"It certainly does not. It is very annoying that we should have lost her. I expected she would furnish us with information that would lead to the detection and arrest of the person who looted the Hobbs's home."

"Well, there is some chance of getting track of her again."

"In what way?"

"I told my boy when I left the office to keep his eye on her, and to follow her if she left the office before I got back."

"Excellent!" cried the secretary. "Did he do it?"

"He is not in his customary seat so I judge that he did. I will speak to my stenographer."

The young lady, on being interrogated, said that the visitor had left in a hurry about ten minutes after Hammond's departure, and that Mickey took his hat and went out directly afterward.

"We'll wait until your boy returns," said the secretary.

"In the meantime, you can give us an outline of the inter-

view you had with the lady, and describe her personal appearance to the detective."

Hammond did so.

He had hardly finished before his telephone rang.

"Hello!" said Harry.

"Is dat you, Mr. Hammond?" came back Mickey's voice.

"Yes, Mickey. How about that lady? Been following her, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir. Got her spotted all right."

"Good. Let me hear what you've done."

"I followed her out of the office and seen her meet dat sandy-headed chap dat I showed into yer office yesterday mornin'."

"You don't mean that Mr. McNabb?" exclaimed Hammond, in some surprise.

"Dat's de chap."

"Where did she meet him?"

"On de corner of Nassau street."

"Well?"

"Dey walked up to Broadway, an' took a car down to de Battery."

"Did you follow?"

"Bet yer boots I did."

"Go on."

"Dey got off the car an' went into de Bowlin' Green Buildin'," continued Mickey. "Dat woman took de elevator upstairs, leavin' de man in the corridor waitin' for her to come back. He's dere now. I couldn't follow her up in de cage, for she'd know me face, so I t'ought I'd telephone yer for furdur orders."

"You did right, Mickey. Hold the wire."

Hammond turned to the secretary and the detective and told them what his boy had said over the wire.

"We'll take a cab for the Bowling Green Building at once," said the detective. "Tell your boy to shadow them if they leave before we get there, and to 'phone you where they go."

Twenty minutes later Mickey bounced into the office with a broad grin on his face.

"Dey're both pinched, Mr. Hammond," he said, gleefully.

"Is that a fact?" replied Hammond, with a look of interest.

"Dat's right. De woman made a big scene when de detective nailed her, an' yer ought to have seen de crowd. De sandy-lookin' chap started to run, but de cop pulled his gun on him an' he stopped. De gent dat was wit' de officer found a lot of stuff in de woman's bag dat he said had been pinched from some place out'r town. Dey called a carriage an' took de bot' of dem to de Tombs."

The photograph of the sandy-featured man was found in the Rogues' Gallery, and he was identified at Headquarters as an old offender.

The end of the affair was they both went up the river after their trial and conviction.

Mr. Oliver Hobbs sent Harry Hammond an elegant diamond ring for having been the cause of the capture of the crooks and the recovery of his property.

It was about this time that Hammond received another letter from his friend Jack Adams, of Goldfield.

The communication stated that the Hercules Leasing Syndicate had secured all but 90,000 shares of the Big Extension mine, and all but 60,000 shares of the Atalanta mine.

"If you have taken my tip and bought any of the shares of either or both of these mines, hold on to them," the letter read. "I advise you to scour New York for every share you can find, even if you have to pay three cents for them. We'll take any superfluous shares off your hands at that figure. We are almost sure now that the ore ledges we are working to such advantage in the Hercules mine extends into the Atalanta and Big Extension. Of course we are keeping this quiet, and you must on no account let on what I write you about it. By the end of the month we shall commence new development work on the Atalanta. You want to collar all the shares you can of this mine before we make a strike, so as to be in on the ground floor with the rest of us."

Accordingly, during the balance of the week, Hammond made a tour of the brokers' offices on a still hunt for Atalanta and Big Extension shares.

He secured 10,000 Atalanta and 15,000 Big Extension at a cent a share.

Then he put a standing advertisement in the financial papers, stating that he was open to propositions for the sale of shares of those dead mines.

Jay White saw the advertisement and called on him.

"Say, Hammond, what do you want with Atalanta and Big Extension shares?"

"I want to buy them if I can get them cheap enough."

"Isn't that the stuff you bought from Chadsey and Hedden some time ago?"

"Yes."

"There must be something in the wind in that direction or you wouldn't be so eager to get hold of the stock."

"I didn't say there was."

"What are you giving for the shares?"

"Got any for sale?"

"A few," said White, cautiously.

"Give you a cent a share for all you have."

"Won't you give any more than that?" asked White, warily.

"I might, though I hardly think I will."

"I'll think the matter over and let you know," replied his rival.

White returned to his office fully satisfied that Hammond had some purpose in view in wanting to get hold of the Atalanta and Big Extension stock.

He had 5,000 shares of the former and 6,000 shares of the latter in his safe.

"I'd be a fool to sell them to Hammond the way things look. I'll bet he's had some confidential information from Goldfield on the subject. I'll try and find out what it means."

He immediately wired a broker in Goldfield with whom he did business, asking for information.

CHAPTER XIV.

JAY WHITE MAKES A GOOD HAUL.

Jay White received word from his Goldfield correspondent that somebody had been buying up all the Atalanta and Big Extension shares in the district during the past two months.

Interested parties had gone out to the ground to try and find out the reason for this move, but there seemed to be nothing doing at either of the mines.

They had both shut down operations three years before and had not been touched since.

The only explanation the Goldfield man could offer was the fact of the rich strikes in the Hercules mine, which abutted on the two mines in question.

There was a possibility that the ore ledges in the Hercules might extend to the Atalanta and the Big Extension, but this was only a surmise.

All the paying claims in Goldfield lay in the midst of a network of other mining properties which had only in rare cases developed ore of similar richness in less paying quantities.

There was no certainty at all that Atalanta or Big Extension would be benefited by the strikes in Hercules, close as the latter was to them.

Still, of course, there was always the chance that they might come in.

Whoever had bought up the shares had not as yet shown any eagerness to probe the dead mines for the possible extension of the Hercules ledges.

Jay White pondered over this report from the West, and finally decided to try and get hold of some more of the dead shares if he could.

With that view in mind he, too, inserted an advertisement in two of the financial papers, asking for tenders of the stock.

Before three days went by a man came into his office and offered to sell him 10,000 shares of Big Extension at 5 cents.

"I'll give you a cent a share," said White.

The man shook his head.

"If that's the best you can offer I'll go and see what Mr. Hammond offers. He is advertising for the shares, too."

"He won't give you any more than that," replied White.

"Perhaps not, but there is no harm in seeing what he will do."

"Well, I'll give you a cent and a half a share for the block."

"No," answered the man. "They cost me 10 cents three years ago. When the mine stopped business I chucked the certificates aside as so much waste-paper. I held on to them, nevertheless, thinking that some day the mine might resume business. The moment I saw the advertisements, asking for the stock, I concluded a new strike had been made in the mine, and so I came on, hoping to recover a part of my loss."

"There hasn't been any strike," replied White.

"Will you tell me why you want to buy the stock, then?"

"I have a customer who asked me to get him some, that's all."

"Then your customer must have got hold of some inside information."

"I tried to find out something about the Big Extension by writing to my Goldfield correspondent, but all I could learn

was that there had been some inquiry for the shares on account of the strike in Hercules mine, which adjoins Big Extension. There is no work going on at the mine, however, so I don't think there's anything in it. I am willing to risk as high as two cents a share for your stock, but that's my limit, unless you can get more out of Hammond. I'll give you half a cent more than he will for your shares."

"Well, that's a fair proposition," returned the visitor, rising. "I'll come back and let you know his limit."

The man went in to see Harry Hammond.

"How many shares have you got for sale?" asked Hammond.

"Ten thousand."

"I'll give you a cent a share for them, cash."

"I can do better than that," replied his visitor.

"Where?" asked Hammond, in some surprise.

"Across the corridor."

"Oh, I see! Mr. White is buying the stock, too. Well, if it's a fair question, what did he offer you?"

"I don't think I ought to tell you," said the man, after a moment's hesitation.

"Very well. I'll make you another offer. I'll say three cents."

"That's quite different from one cent," chuckled the man.

"That's true. And I'm taking a risk in offering you so much. The stock may be worth nothing at all. The mine has been a dead one for some years."

"You must have heard something that would indicate that it was coming to life again."

"I have heard something. It is true, but nothing to warrant me paying over three cents, which may be lost money after all."

"Is that the best you can offer?"

"That's my limit."

"Well, I'll see if Mr. White will hold to his offer. If he does I shall not come back; otherwise, I'll let you have them for three cents."

"Very well, sir," answered Hammond, turning to his desk.

As the caller did not return, Harry concluded that Jay White had bought the stock at more than three cents, which was a fact, for he paid the man \$350 cash for the 10,000 shares.

White also got 4,000 more shares of Big Extension from a young school-teacher of Paterson, N. J., for \$100, and 5,000 shares of Atalanta for \$100.

He now owned 10,000 Atalanta and 20,000 Big Extension, while Hammond had secured 20,000 Atalanta and 35,000 Big Extension.

White had made arrangements to be kept informed of any developments in the mines in question, but many weeks before an encouraging word of any kind reached him.

Hammond wrote his friend Adams that he had managed to scare up 55,000 shares of the two mines in question, but that he meant to hold on to them as the outlay had been insignificant.

Adams wrote back that the syndicate had postponed opening up the Atalanta for the present, as the Hercules lease occupied all of their attention and was panning out first-class.

Jay White had been more or less under a cloud financially since his loss in the Missouri Central.

He couldn't quite forgive Hammond for the victory he had achieved, though he had treated him (White) in the most generous manner in the settlement.

It happened, however, that White accidentally got hold of inside information that a pool was being formed to boom M. & N. shares.

As soon as he felt sure of his ground he bought 20,000 shares at 113 on a ten per cent. margin.

The stock began to rise, and he bought 10,000 more at 116.

Two days later it was going at 120, with every broker on the Exchange scrambling for it.

White had the nerve of a good operator and he held on for big profits.

When the stock reached 125, timid investors began to get out from under.

White, however, held on until it reached 133, when, taking alarm from something he heard from Mr. Chadsey, he sold out.

The dumping of his last block of 10,000 on the market sent the syndicate to the wall, and a panic ensued.

White didn't worry about that, however, for he had cleared, above all expenses, over half a million dollars.

CHAPTER XV.

FOXY HARRY HAMMOND.

At last the papers came out with the news of a strike in Atalanta mine.

The Wall Street ticker recorded it as follows:

"Within the last week the Atalanta, a mine abandoned as a hopeless prospect three years ago, has opened in the Nevada tunnel an unknown vein of ore six feet in width. At the present time assay returns have not been received, so the exact value cannot be given. Atalanta will be relisted on the Goldfield, San Francisco and Reno Exchanges immediately."

Of course, this was great news for both Harry Hammond and Jay White, who had acquired three-quarters of all the stock of the Atalanta mine that had been originally sold in the East.

In the course of a fortnight the news from the mine was most encouraging.

The stock had been put on the market, but very little trading was done in it, as most of the stock had been withdrawn from circulation.

It was quoted at five cents.

Jay White was returning from his lunch one day when he noticed an envelope lying in the corridor in front of Hammond's door.

He picked it up and saw that it was addressed to Harry Hammond, and that the post-mark was Goldfield.

Curious to learn the name of his business rival's correspondent, he carried it into his own office, and, taking out the enclosure, read as follows:

"DEAR OLD CHAPPIE: Well, what do you think of the Atalanta news? We're coming to the top fast. Everybody out here is trying to get hold of some of the stock, but we're not letting up. You ought to see the faces of those who four years ago were glad to get rid of their Atalanta shares at any old figure that represented money. To-day they are kicking themselves around their backyards, and trying their prettiest to hide their chagrin. But don't say a word. Wait till you hear the latest. And it isn't about Atalanta, either. I have just received a telephone message from our superintendent at Big Extension that he has discovered an entirely new vein—not the looked-for extension of the Hercules—on what is known as the Last Chance claim, which he has prospected to a depth of about forty feet. At this depth an average sample taken across three and one-half feet of the vein returned values of \$36 per ton. While these values are not high, as compared with Hercules and other mines of the same caliber, it seems to be only a matter of sufficient development work and time when such an ore body will pay tremendous profits. Yours, JACK."

"Whew!" exclaimed White, as he laid the letter down on his desk. "this is the first news of a strike on Big Extension. It is evident Hammond is standing in with the owners of the mine. No wonder he is so well informed, and that he bought these shares from Chadsey and Hedden. He got 10,000 shares of Atalanta for a cent a share, and Hedden told me he sold 10,000 shares of Big Extension for half a cent a share. Now the former is quoted at six cents this morning, and as soon as the news contained in this letter leaks out, and the mine is relisted, the latter will be going at the same figure. I wish I knew where I could pick up a few thousand shares of B. E."

White canvassed Wall Street thoroughly for Big Extension, but not a share could he find.

By accident he found out that a certain Maiden Lane jeweler had 5,000 shares, and he lost no time in calling on him.

He succeeded in getting possession of the block at a cent a share, though the jeweler had paid nine for it three years ago.

He was as careful at getting hold of the shares as though he had made \$1,000.

"I guess Hammond and I have got about all the shares in New York," he said to himself. "I wonder how much he has secured of both these mines?"

A week later the strike at Big Extension was heralded to the world through the newspapers, and those who had sold the stock at a mere song were looking blue indeed, for they could say what the shares might yet be worth.

A great many eager investors called at the offices of White and Hammond, offering to purchase shares of these stocks,

but neither of the boy brokers would let a single share get away from them.

In the course of a few weeks Atalanta went gradually up to 25 cents a share, while Big Extension, as soon as it was listed, again was sought for in vain at ten cents.

The latter mine, however, gave tokens of better values than Atalanta, and gradually threw the other into the shade, for six months from the time the strike was made ore was being taken out that assayed so high that the price of the stock went booming up to 60 cents.

White and Hammond met one day in the elevator.

"I was just talking to Hedden. He says that for pig luck you take the cake. Those shares of Big Extension you bought from him for \$100 are now worth \$12,000, according to Western quotations," said White.

"They'll be worth \$20,000 before many moons," replied Hammond.

"I believe you. How many shares have you altogether?"

"Oh, I've got quite a bunch," answered Hammond carelessly, "and I'm on the lookout for more."

"More!" exclaimed White. "Why, I thought you and I had about all there is in New York."

"So did I, but I understand there's a man right here in the city who has something like 35,000 shares of B. E."

"Gee whiz! You don't say. I'd like to get a portion of his holdings. You don't want it all, do you?"

"I'll take all I can get. I'm going to offer him 65 cents for the lot."

"I'd give 70 if I knew where to reach him."

Hammond smiled one of his peculiar smiles, and, nodding to his rival, disappeared inside his office.

"Hammond is a hog," growled Jay White, as he entered his own office. "He wants the earth, it seems to me. So he's willing to pay five cents above the market price for those 35,000 shares, eh? He must have received some more inside information from his friend Jack. I wish I could locate this chap who has such a block of the stock."

He rang his bell for Teddy Marks.

"Look here, Teddy. You and Hammond's kid seem to be on pretty good terms these days. I wish you would try to find out through him who the party is who has 35,000 shares of Big Extension, a Goldfield stock, for sale. I want to get it ahead of Hammond, if I can."

"Yes, sir. I'll pump Mickey as soon as I see him again."

"Do so; and if you bring me the information I want by to-morrow, it's a ten-spot in your clothes."

"Den youse kin betcher life I'll try an' earn it."

Next morning's Western reports showed that Big Extension had advanced to 63 on the Goldfield Exchange.

White was greatly excited.

"I'll bet it will go to a dollar and over. I hope Teddy will find out the name of the man to-day."

Teddy didn't find out, and several days passed, during which interval the stock went up to 80 cents.

Mickey, however, reported to Hammond that Teddy was trying to pump him about the name of the man who owned 35,000 shares of Big Extension.

"He says his boss promised him a ten-spot if he found out, an' he offered to divvy wit' me. But how could I tell him what I don't know. Besides, he must t'ink dat I'm a champ to give anyting belongin' to dis office away."

Hammond smiled and walked away.

That afternoon, however, he received a letter from his friend "Jack," that made him look solemn.

But after a moment or two one of his customary seraphic smiles broke over his handsome face.

He went to his safe, took out a bundle carefully wrapped up and rang his bell for Mickey.

"Take this over to Mr. Benson at the Borum Bank."

"Yes, sir," replied the office boy, and he was off like a shot. Next morning's mail brought a letter to Jay White.

He tore it open, glanced over it and gave a shout of joy. This is what he read:

"Mr. Jay White:

"Dear Sir: I have 35,000 shares of Big Extension mining stock, of Goldfield, Nevada, that I wish to dispose of at the best figure possible. As you deal in Western securities I thought you might be interested in this matter. Please call at my office in the Borum Bank Building at ten o'clock to-morrow (Thursday) if you care to make an offer for the stock. Yours truly,

"GEORGE BENSON."

"Will I call?" grinned White. "Well, say, will a duck swim?"

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

When Jay White reached the Borum Bank at ten o'clock that morning and inquired for Mr. Benson, he was shown into the Board room, where he found a number of persons seated, two of whom were ladies.

White was rather disgusted to see that Hammond was also present.

George Benson, the cashier of the bank, was seated at a flat-top desk, sorting a package of Big Extension securities.

When the clock struck ten the gentleman rose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, according to the terms of my advertisement in the Wall Street papers, I am about to offer for sale to the highest bidder above the market price, which this morning is 78, thirty-five thousand shares of Big Extension mining stock of Goldfield, Nevada, in lots of from 1,000 to 20,000 shares. I have been instructed by the owner of these shares to state all the facts concerning the mine in question. Now, until recently, it has been dead to the world, and now, within the last three months it has unexpectedly come to life again, producing enormously valuable ore."

Mr. Benson then detailed the statistics of the mine from the date of its original discovery to its failure as a mining proposition; then how the discovery of rich ore in the Hercules mine, adjoining it, had induced the owners of the Hercules Leasing Syndicate to buy up all the stock in the market on the bare possibility that new discoveries would eventually be found in the Big Extension, and how their judgment appeared to have been abundantly verified.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, the owner of this stock, which has risen from nothing to 80 cents, has decided to dispose of his holdings and take his profits to date. The par value of this stock is \$1 a share, and it is the current opinion in Goldfield that it will go to a premium. The owner, however, has requested me to tell you frankly that valuable as the ore veins lately discovered in Big Extension have appeared to be, that there is always a possibility of their petering out more unexpectedly. If you buy this stock you buy it with that fact before your eyes. If in three days, or three weeks, or three months, the present glittering prospect of the mine should evaporate into thin air, or at least prove less valuable than at this moment, the price of the shares is bound to decrease in the Western exchanges, and your holdings will represent a loss. On the other hand, if the present prospect continues, Big Extension will take its place among the Nevada big dividend-payers. In order to give smaller investors a chance, I will not offer a 1,000-share certificate. The lowest bid must be 78."

One of the ladies held up her hands.

"What is your offer, madam?"

"Seventy-eight."

"I am offered 78 for this 1000-share certificate. Any other bid?"

Jay White watched Hammond closely, but that young broker never made an offer.

One of the men present bid 79 and another 80.

The other lady bid 81, another man 82, and it was finally knocked down at 85.

"Who wants another 1,000-share certificate at 85?"

Several bid, but Mr. Benson disposed of ten of them at that price.

"I have now a 5,000-share certificate. Who wants it at 85?" No one seemed to want it till Hammond said he'd take it at 85.

"Eighty-seven," said Hammond, quietly.

"Eighty-eight," replied White.

"Nine," bid Hammond.

"I'll give ninety!" cried White.

"It's yours, Mr. White," said the cashier, "at twelve points above the market price."

White laid \$1,500 on Mr. Benson's desk, and the cashier handed him the certificate with a bill of sale from the Borum Bank.

"Now," said Mr. Benson, "I have only the 20,000-share certificate left. Anybody who wishes this will have to go deep into his pockets. Its actual value is \$15,000 at 78. It may only be worth \$10,000 or \$12,000. That's the risk people take with all stock."

Everybody in the room looked interested, and each wondered if there would be any bidding on such a large block.

"Are you going to bid on that certificate?" asked Harry of White.

"I certainly am," replied his one-time chum.

"You're foolish, White. There's liable to be a break in the price of the stock any time at Goldfield."

"How do you know?" asked White, incredulously.

"I heard so yesterday afternoon."

"Oh, you did," retorted his rival, sarcastically, "and yet you just bid 89 on a block of 5,000 shares."

"I only did that to see if you'd raise the ante to 90," smiled Hammond.

"Tell that to the marines," snorted White.

"Then you don't believe me?"

"I should say not."

"All right. If you get stuck, don't blame me."

"You're awful kind, I don't think," grinned White.

"Well, you're a chump if you pay more than 78 for that certificate," said Hammond, as the people stood back from the desk, leaving the two boys in advance.

"How much for this stock?" asked Mr. Benson, holding the package above his head.

"I'll give ninety," said White.

"Ninety-one," bid Hammond.

"Five!" said White, coolly.

The spectators held their breath.

"You seem to want that stock mighty bad, White," said Hammond, after a pause.

"What of it?" answered the big broker, coldly.

"Are you aware that you've bid \$3,500 more than its market value?"

"That's my business," replied White. "I'm going to have that certificate; if I have to pay a dollar a share for it."

"Look here, White, you'd better let me bid it in at 90. It will save you money. I can better afford to take the chances with that stock than you," said Hammond.

"You go to grass! I made over half a million the other day on M. & N. What's \$20,000 to me?"

"All right, old man, the stock is yours at 95," said Hammond, turning on his heel and walking out of the room, leaving his rival to pay \$19,000 for the certificate.

When Jay White returned to his own office with the two certificates for 20,000 shares of Big Extension in his pocket, for which he had paid \$21,500, he began to realize that in his anxiety to get ahead of Hammond he had probably made a fool of himself.

He had paid \$1,500 more than the market price in Goldfield for the shares.

He was a bit reassured, however, next day when the Western reports showed that Big Extension had recovered and gone up to 83.

Big Extension, however, never went higher.

The price at once began to go down, although the mine seemed to show as good results as ever.

It went down to 75 and then gradually to 65, greatly to White's disgust, as well as to the consternation of all who had purchased it at top-notch prices.

At last news came that the bottom had fallen out of the mine, and the stock tumbled in a hurry to 10 cents.

The day that the news reached New York, Hammond met White in the corridor of the Barnum Building.

"Well, I told you that you were foolish to buy that stock," Harry said.

"Yes, I ought to have let you take it," growled White.

"Just to see how much I could get for the stock."

"How much you could get? What do you mean?"

"Why, those were my 35,000 shares, that's all. Benson was selling them for me."

"Great Scott!" cried White. "What kind of business do you call that?"

"Just diamond cut diamond between us, old chap. You seem to have got the short end of the deal, however, but I hope there's no hard feelings on the subject."

Jay White looked as if he had just lost his best friend.

He turned on his heel and entered his office.

It came out all right between them in the end.

White acknowledged that he wasn't one, two, three wits ahead of Hammond in the brokerage business, and Hammond made him happy by offering to take him into partnership.

That ended their business rivalry, and the firm of Hammond & White is now one of the most prosperous in Wall Street.

Next week's issue will contain "A START IN LIFE: OR, A BRIGHT BOY'S AMBITION."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

In England there has appeared a new telephone device which renders possible the summoning of a subscriber back to the telephone after he has been asked to "hold the wire" while the party at the other end is looking up some desired information. The device is in reality a loud-speaking horn. If the subscriber called does not wish to hold the receiver to his ear, he can place it over the horn and go about his duties. The calling party's voice is so amplified that he may be heard throughout a room.

Reporting that some of the British soldiers are being fed on mule meat, Amos A. Roberts, of Malden, Mass., has returned after serving a short time in the Royal Field Artillery in Liverpool. He left this country in May without telling his relatives where he was going. He obtained his discharge for physical disability. Roberts says that the English soldiers are allowed only a pound of bread for four men daily and that the poor fare served was one of the chief reasons he wanted to quit the army.

His mind a blank for the thirteen years that have elapsed since he was rendered unconscious beneath a horse's hoofs in a skirmish in the Boer War, Sergt. William Tait, who says he commanded a party of British scouts at Mafeking, has come to himself in the County Hospital, Seattle. Tait was found in the woods of the Duwamish River, near Seattle. He imagined that he was seeking lost troopers. The bursting of a blood vessel in his brain has now restored his memory, but has deprived him of the power of speech. He has no recollection of how he came to America.

For throwing a kiss at Judge Carroll T. Bond, of Baltimore, Md., Miss Mary Graden will spend five days in jail. For the kiss was held in contempt of court, which gained the woman a jail sentence. The throwing of the kiss occurred in the Criminal Court, where the Graden woman appeared as a witness in behalf of her friend, Miss Minnie Gibbons, who was on trial for disturbing the peace. When she took the witness stand and was sworn she astonished court officials and spectator by sending a kiss wafting from her finger tips toward Judge Bond. The court did not permit her to proceed further than the kiss-throwing act.

Struck by part of a charge of buckshot, fired at a deer by Fred Hensel, of Mays Landing, Frank Dixon, 38 years old, was instantly killed in the Weymouth deer woods between Egg Harbor, N. J., and Mays Landing. Hensel, who is 19 years old, saw a large buck, took aim and pulled the trigger. A loud report followed and the deer fell dead after a short run. Hensel was happy over his prize, when the screams of Dixon, who had seen the man fall to the ground as the report of the gun echoed through the woods, told him that Dixon had been shot. Investigation showed that part of the load of buckshot had entered his chest. A jury unpaneled by Coroner Baw exonerated Hensel from all blame and brought in a verdict of accidental shooting.

The British freight steamship San Melito, which arrived at Rio de Janeiro Oct. 8, reported that she had been attacked at sea by an unknown vessel, one sailor being killed and six wounded, has left for Buenos Aires. The newspaper at Nolle publishes an interview with the captain of the San Melito, in which he stated that the British Admiralty insisted on the strictest secrecy regarding the place of the attack, in order to facilitate the mission of the swift British cruisers on patrol duty. The captain is quoted as saying that he thought the attacking vessel was a German torpedo boat, for he saw off his ship's prow the peculiar mark caused by a torpedo. The captain said the first shell that struck his ship made a hole three yards long and one yard wide, and pierced the steel plate half an inch thick. Other shells ricocheted on the petroleum tanks.

How Lieutenant D'Oyly Hughes, attached to a British submarine operating in the Sea of Marmora, swam from the U-boat pushing ahead of him a raft bearing explosives with which he blew up part of the Turkish railway skirting the beach, is related in an official report given out in London. "Hughes' weapons consisted of an automatic service revolver and a sharpened bayonet. He also carried an electric torch and a whistle. After a stiff climb up the cliff and a considerable march Hughes reached the railway. Sighting a viaduct, he planned to destroy that, but abandoned the idea because of the presence of the enemy. He then selected a brick culvert, under which he placed a charge and lighted a fuse. He effected his escape by running a mile down the railway and plunged into the sea just as the explosive went off. The submarine then picked him up."

According to the Scientific American the great war will be decided on the Western front either in France and Flanders, or on, or within the German frontier. There has been much talk of this war as being a war of exhaustion. If it should prove to be that, it will be an exhaustion not of munition, not of economic resources, but of men. The vast scale on which this war is being fought prevents it being decided by any one great decisive action—the campaign against Russia by Germany has proved that. The great nations engaged in this war have such vast resources back of them that all talk of defeat through exhaustion is absurd. Defeat will come through lack of men to put into the line. When the fighting line thins out beyond a certain minimum with which it can be held, the enemy will break through, communications will be cut, and the whole line of an embattled nation will be thrown back in defeat. The Allies realize this, and they are fighting their fight upon this basis. The central powers have enormous numbers of men. True; but the Allied powers have a vastly greater number—and the fighting of the war has proved that there is very little to choose in point of bravery between the opposed forces. Hence, the inevitable sequel—the collapse sooner or later, and rather later than sooner, of the central powers for lack of men to put in the fighting line.

Young Fresh from 'Frisco

—OR—

THE BOY WHO BOSSED THE MINE

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER III (continued)

"I knew it. That trap was meant for you."

"I reckon it was."

"It's a scheme. It's cinched. Don't you go on to High Rock to-night."

"Why, I must now. What else can I do?"

"Camp under these trees and save your life."

"And to-morrow?"

"Get away from here as quick as ever you can, and don't come back again alone. They will never let you boss the High Rock mine."

"Well, I'll think about it," said Jack. "But now tell me——"

There was no answer coming.

Right in the midst of his speech the girl darted off among the trees and vanished in the darkness.

He rode on, filled with doubts and fears.

How many men were there at the mine?

He believed that there must be fifteen or twenty, at least.

Could he stand up against any such gang, he asked himself.

It was clearly impossible, and yet he hated to give up.

Here was a direct attempt on his life. Warning of his coming had been sent to the mine by telegraph or telephone.

Jack remembered the action of the landlord at Grass-hopper Gulch.

It was all a muddle to Jack, and he did not know what to think or what to do.

At last he resolved to take Daisy's advice, in part, and postpone his arrival at the mine until morning.

Turning aside into the woods, Jack made a hobble for his horse out of the rope which he had brought along and, spreading his pair of New Mission blankets on the ground, with the dress suitcase for a pillow, he lay down to sleep and dreamed that he was galloping down a fearful hill with Daisy behind him, pursued by Tom Barnacle and a band of Indians and cowboys who were firing rifles and yelling like demons.

Jack awoke in another cold perspiration to find that daylight was just coming to his aid.

He was chilled to the bone, for February nights are cold on the slopes of the Sierras.

He was chilled to the bone, for February nights are cold on the slopes of the Sierras.

It was only about half an hour's ride to High Rock mine from the spot where Jack had encamped.

Soon he saw it, a cluster of rough, unpainted buildings standing in a deep hollow with a huge granite rock a thousand feet high rising behind it.

Jack turned his horse onto the steep trail, and for once the broncho got a move on and came dashing into the mine yard a few minutes later.

There were a number of men standing around.

One group was loading ore into a large wagon and others were harnessing a double mule-team.

A stout man, with his hat on the back of his head, was bossing affairs.

He scarcely looked up at Jack's approach, and then, when he saw him, he went right on talking, paying no attention to the boy, at all.

Jack slipped from the saddle and approached the wagon.

"Good-morning," he said. "Can I see Mr. Barnacle?"

"That's me," growled the stout man. "Who are you? Are you up from the Gulch? What do you want?"

Jack looked him full in the eye as he replied:

"I want to know, Mr. Barnacle, what you intend to do with the gold ore you are loading into that wagon?"

"You—you want to know? Who in the deuce are you?" roared Barnacle, growing red in the face.

"You received positive orders to ship no ore until the arrival of Mr. Winton," continued Jack. "You seem to be shipping it. I would like to know the reason why?"

Barnacle turned pale and then red again.

The men stopped work and stared.

"Who are you?" asked Barnacle. "What do you mean by daring to dictate to me?"

"Why," replied Jack, as cool as a cucumber, "I mean just this: I am Young Fresh from 'Frisco. I've come here to boss this mine."

CHAPTER IV.

JACK AT THE MINE.

Jack Winton was only a boy, but as he stood there defying the czar of the High Rock mine he had a power behind him which he himself did not realize, although Tom Barnacle understood it perfectly well.

We refer to the power of the law.

Barnacle understood it perfectly well.

"Oh, you are Mr. Barnacle's nephew, are you?" he exclaimed. "Well!"

The tone was one of supreme surprise.

Jack saw that for the time being he had won out.

He immediately moderated his tone.

"That's me, Mr. Barnacle, and I'm prepared to prove it," he replied. "Did you think I was dead?"

"Dead? Why should I think that?"

"Oh, I don't know; because I've been so long getting here. But no matter about that. Here are my credentials, if you wish to see them."

"I'll look at them in the office," said the superintendent, hurriedly. "About this load of ore, I want to explain."

"I wish you would."

Jack was at his mildest now.

"I sent a special order through Mr. Sypher that there were to be no further shipments until I got here," he added.

"I know," replied Barnacle. "This is the end of a contract which I had with the Grasshopper Gulch Smelter. It had to be fulfilled."

"I see. Well, I would rather it would remain unfulfilled until I have time to look over the ground, if it is all the same to you."

"Oh, certainly!" replied Barnacle, hastily. "Boys, unload that wagon! You can put up the mules. There will be no ore shipped to-day. Get back to your work—all hands. Everything goes forward just the same as usual, unless Mister—ah—Mister Winton has other orders to give."

"I have no orders to give," replied Jack. "You are in full charge here, Mr. Barnacle, I believe."

"I thought I was," replied the superintendent, grimly.

"Consider yourself so for the present. Now, I would like to show you the letter of introduction which Mr. Sypher gave me. It is always best to start out right, and as yet you do not know me."

"Come this way, please," said the superintendent.

He led Jack into the office of the mine.

This was rather a large room, occupying the entire ground floor of a small building, and well fitted up in modern style.

Barnacle touched a spring in the railing gate, and Jack passed in behind, taking the offered chair.

He could see that this man, taken by surprise, was greatly excited, and he wanted to give him time to calm down; so he dismissed his letter and made no remark until Barnacle had read it and leaned back in his chair.

"You are now satisfied that I am Jack Winton?" he then asked.

"Oh—ah, certainly," was the reply. "What made you think I had any doubt of it? Your word was enough."

"I know," said Jack, "but as I did not arrive on time, I thought—"

"How on time?"

"The landlord of the Santa House," at Grasshopper Gulch, informed that I was coming last night, you know."

"Not on time," he said, hastily. "Perhaps to one of the foremen, but not to me."

"Oh, I see. It's all a mistake. Well, we will let it drop until I have explained why I was delayed."

"I—I wish you would," gasped Barnacle.

He was cycling the boy with a questioning look now.

Jack felt that it would be best not to go too far.

"I spent the night under a tree in the woods," he said, quietly. "I had something of a shock. My horse ran into a rope which had been stretched across the road and threw me. That was why I did not come onto the mine."

"A rope stretched across the road? Where? How?" Barnacle exclaimed.

"It was on the last part of the mountain trail. It's the greatest wonder I wasn't thrown down into the gorge."

"I—I should say so!" gasped Barnacle. "You seem to have had a narrow escape."

"I had. Who do you suppose could have put that rope there?"

"I can't imagine."

"Any outlaws or hold-up men around these parts?"

"None that I know of. I'll investigate, if you wish."

"I wish you would. But now to business, Mr. Barnacle. You are familiar with the terms of my uncle's will?"

"I am."

"Then you know how important it is to me to make myself absolutely master of this mine, and this will account for any little abruptness on my part."

"Don't mention it. Do you propose to stay here?"

"For the next few years—yes."

"I mean now—to-day?"

"I shall begin right now. I suppose you can fix up some place for me to sleep?"

"There is a room upstairs here next to my own, which Mr. Barnacle always occupied when at the mine; it is at your service, of course."

"I would like to see it, and I would like to take a general look over the property if it will not interfere with the work of the day."

"Not at all. I am entirely at your disposal," said Barnacle. "Just—ah—just excuse me for a moment. I have orders to give the foreman of the new shaft. I will return in a moment."

Jack nodded, and the superintendent hastily left, passing a young man in the doorway.

"Oh, Arthur!" he exclaimed. "Here is Mr. Winton. Mr. Winton, this is Arthur Jones, our new bookkeeper. Old Hunsaker, who was here all through your uncle's time, died the other day, and I have engaged Mr. Jones in his place, subject to your approval, sir. Subject to your approval, of course."

"Oh, I approve!" cried Jack, shaking hands with Arthur Jones.

"I'm right glad to see you, sir," said Arthur. "You are just up from 'Frisco, I suppose?"

"Yes: Young Fresh from 'Frisco!" laughed Jack.

Arthur grinned.

"I'm in the same boat myself," he said. "But how did you know they were calling you that?"

"Oh, I know. A little bird told me."

"It's true, all right. Say, Mr.—"

"Well, what we are alone, Arthur. We are going to be friends."

(To be continued)

ITEMS OF INTEREST

WIND 122 MILES AN HOUR.

The gréatest sustained wind velocity recorded in the United States since the establishment of the National Weather Bureau was shown at Burwood, near the mouth of the Mississippi, during the recent tropical storm, local weather officials announced. Complete records received from Burwood show a maximum velocity September 29 of 122 miles an hour for five minutes.

For another five-minute period the anemometer recorded a velocity of 120 miles.

KILLING ELK FOR TEETH.

Elk killers are busy in the Olympic national forest, according to R. L. Fromme, forest supervisor in charge of the reserve, who has arrived in Seattle, says The Post-Intelligencer, of that place. Rangers have reported finding several carcasses recently. Nothing but the teeth was taken. Despite the losses from tooth hunters, the elk herds of the Olympics are in good shape, and according to the estimate made by rangers this summer, number seven thousand head. Of these elk about five thousand range within the borders of the national forest.

Mr. Fromme is well pleased with the work of the rangers during the summer. The expense incurred fighting fires, outside of the regular salary paid the rangers, was only \$130 as compared with \$2,000 last year. This in spite of the fact that a great many more campers and tourists visited the forest this year than in any other in history.

ZINC IN WARTIME.

Zinc is so essential in war that it has risen enormously in price in the past year. Costing originally only two-fifths as much as copper, it now costs decidedly more than copper, in spite of the fact that copper itself has sharply increased in value. Zinc is a constituent of cartridge brass and shell fuses, and is used also as a covering for iron barbed-wire fencing. In 1913 the United States, Germany and Belgium were the leading producers of zinc. Of the three, only the United States smelted domestic ores. Belgium and Germany relied mainly on zinc concentrates that they imported from the Broken Hill mines in New South Wales, where, for one reason and another, it does not pay to do the smelting. France, Spain and Great Britain also produce substantial quantities, but not enough to supply their own needs. Austria and Germany have considerable deposits of ore in Silesia, Hungary, Carinthia and the Tirol. As the zinc-smelting furnaces of Great Britain are not well adapted for dealing with the Broken Hill concentrates, it buys the bulk of its supplies from the United States.

"WAB." THE BIG BEAR, NO MORE.

"Wab," the big bear of Wyoming, made famous about ten years ago by the pen of Seton-Thompson, the hunter and writer, is no more. His long career of pillage and slaughter was ended by A. A. Anderson, on whose ranch the bear made his home. It was from Mr. Anderson's

ranch that Mayor Mitchell of New York hunted bear this spring. The Mayor was the guest of Mr. Anderson for a couple of weeks, and blamed only himself and his luck for the failure of the hunt. "Wab" was the fourth bear Mr. Anderson has killed on his ranch this summer. For years it has been his desire to kill "Wab," but always the cunning animal succeeded in outwitting the hunter. Long years of experience had given him almost uncanny knowledge of the ways of man, and the result was that his actions were always opposite those of the average bruin. Where the common, unsophisticated bear might be depended upon to go to a certain baited locality at a specified time, "Wab" would fight shy of that spot and turn up unexpectedly in another section. And behind him, invariably, he would leave a trail of dead sheep, calves and other tame animals. Were there anything on the ranch to steal, "Wab" would steal it, defying mere man to catch him. Ten separate and distinct times he sprung one certain trap set purposely for him, each time making away with the bait without leaving any of his own hairy portion in its jaws.

No more, however. "Wab's" hide will hereafter adorn Mr. Anderson's den in his New York home.

CHARGED BY A MOOSE.

It is the belief of George Anderson, a trapper up in Maine, that all the stories he has read about how wild beasts have been cowed by the steady, unvarying gaze of a man was nonsense. This belief is a result of an experience he had with a moose on the little branch of Rifle Creek.

Anderson was looking after some traps he had set for mink and marten, and his only weapon was a 22-caliber rifle. He was walking along a ridge beside the stream, when, about 15 yards away, he saw what appeared to be a rabbit. Drawing down on it with his rifle, he fired, whereupon a big, ungainly moose calf jumped up from the brush and stood still, bellowing with pain and fear.

The trapper was so startled that he forgot to work the little grip that throws new shells into his rifle. Five seconds after the shot a big cow moose came through the woods on the run, and, without stopping to lick the calf, as a bear would have done to a wounded cub, she made for the man. She was too close to be escaped by tree-climbing or running. Anderson's mind worked fast, and he decided at once that his only hope was to stampede the cow by gazing at her severely. He gazed all right, and this that he looked more severe than scared, but the moose kept right on coming, with her eyes twinkling and looking straight at him. Anderson began to be worried by the time she was ten feet away. He realized that so far as stopping a charging cow moose is concerned the human eye isn't what it is cracked up to be. The man turned to jump and the moose butted him on the right hip and knocked him a good three rods down the back of the ridge, landing him out of sight in the brush. The moose calf went away, and Anderson limped home and sleeps on his left side now.

SIX WEEKS IN THE MOON

— OR —

A TRIP BEYOND THE ZENITH

By ED. KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER X (continued)

Our adventurers now understood what was coming.

The moon prince was accustomed to indulging in a morning trip over the carmine waters of the bay, and he had conferred upon our friends the honor and pleasure of allowing them to accompany him.

That they fully appreciated this, goes without saying. It was a luxurious treat to recline upon the wonderful cushions of the gondola, and drink in the delightful air and the sunlight.

"By Jinks!" exclaimed Ned; "I would never care to go to the earth if it wasn't for pa and ma and the rest of the folks."

"Same here," cried Dick. "What a beautiful place the moon is!"

But Professor Elias shook his head.

"But for all that," he said, "we never could hope to put ourselves upon a plane with these wonderful people. We are foreigners to them, you know."

"They treat us like princes!" declared Dick.

"That may be, but when the new wears off we shall lose caste. We are not equal, physically or mentally, to these people."

And the boys realized that Prof. Elias was not far from the mark when they gazed upon the wonderful physique of Prince Moda. His blue skin seemed perfectly in keeping with the very other complexion of moon life. How pallid and puny the earth visitors must look to these men with their eight feet of stature and their monstrous muscular power.

The gondola, impelled by the long sweeps used by the moon rowers, kept on over the limpid waters of the moon bay.

Prince Moda conversed the while as well as he was able in the sign language. At length the gondola reached a point of land and the city was out of sight.

A long beach was now spread to view, and back of it was a dense forest, which seemed utterly impenetrable.

From the water's edge some curious animals, resembling the kangaroo, sprang and rushed into the foliage.

The prince turned to his feet much excited and gave quick orders to the rowers. The boat instantly turned

"A hunt!" exclaimed Dick. "Hurrah! That strikes me just right!"

"And I could say the same!" chimed in Ned. Uncle Elias also embraced the plan eagerly, for the old gentleman had really begun to grow young since his arrival in the moon.

Prince Moda was delighted and led the way up the beach. The attendants followed behind the party.

"I say, Ned," said Dick, "what do you think of hunting with this kind of a weapon? Why not use our revolvers?"

"That is what I say," agreed Ned. "We will surprise the prince."

The prince, who had been in the lead, now dashed into the dense foliage of white. The boys followed him, Prof. Elias behind.

For some time they forced their way through the dense foliage, and then of a sudden came out upon an immense level plain.

This plain was devoid of the white and crystal vegetation, and was of the same peculiar porous, spongy material of the moon's soil. To run over it was most fatiguing to our adventurers.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PRINCE UNDERGOES A CHANGE.

The prince had dashed on over the plain, however, with apparently the greatest of ease. He was soon in the lead.

The plain was dotted with huge mounds, which seemed like excavations made by a burrowing animal, being no doubt the abodes of the creatures which they were in quest of. The prince ran from one to another of these.

Suddenly from one of the excavations there sprang an animal. Quick as a flash the prince hurled his javelin.

The aim was deadly. The creature was transfixed and fell dead. The prince gave a shout of exultation.

"Steady, Dick," said Ned, suddenly; "isn't there one of the creatures over yonder?"

Crack!

Ned's pistol spoke sharply. The kangaroo, if such it might be called, tumbled over dead.

The prince turned in dumb astonishment. He had seen the flash of the discharge, heard the report and saw the animal fall.

"That is the last of it," said Ned, "the creature was done."

"The last of it?" said Dick, "the creature was done."

He made a quick-inquiring gesture. Ned held up his pistol and tried to explain its working. He even loaded and fired it at a distant tree to satisfy the moon ruler.

He even went to the tree and cut the bullet out. The effect upon Moda was curious.

If the boys had not known him so well to be a liberal and generous benefactor, they would have sworn that he regarded them from this moment with dark suspicion and aversion.

At any rate, from this moment, from this simple incident, our adventurers dated all the swift recurring troubles which beset the rest of their lunar sojourn.

Moda had little to say after that. His cordial manner seemed to have suddenly vanished.

He was polite but reserved. His conduct was unaccountable.

His attendants came up and took care of the game. Then the prince led the way back to the gondola. He seated himself silent and moody in one end of the gondola.

"Well, I never!" whispered Dick to Ned. "What has come over his majesty? Ever since I shot that kangaroo he has been mum as a church mouse!"

"It is curious!" agreed Dick.

"Can it be that I did wrong in shooting the animal? Have I violated some breach of etiquette or game law?"

Dick laughed.

"Give it up!" he said. "Perhaps his royal highness is jealous of us. But he needn't be!"

"Oh, no, boys," put in Prof. Elias, "I'm afraid that it is more serious than that. I have been expecting something of this sort right along."

Dick and Ned were astonished.

"Why?" they asked.

"Many reasons! We are of a different type and a different world. We have no means of knowing the eccentricities of these people. Some little incident like that may tend to make us unwelcome in their kingdom."

"But—they must be fools!" blurted forth Dick.

"No, no; do not say that," said the professor, sharply; "it may seem to the prince that he has a good reason for regarding us with suspicion. We cannot know their feelings or their position. We must wait and be guarded."

Dick and Ned exchanged glances. Moda did not speak to them all the way back to the palace.

This angered Dick and he said:

"Well, I never was treated so shabbily in my life. I deem it an insult and I shall resent it. I propose that we leave here at once. We can continue our explorations of the moon just the same, and we will trouble these people no longer."

"Easy, Dick," said Elias, coolly; "let us be ceremonious. You must remember that we are not on the earth and cannot afford to be quite as independent. Keep your temper for a while."

So the party followed the prince to the palace. They were shown to a charming balcony which here overhung the lake.

Here the prince left them. Attendants waited upon

them with refreshments, and the boys might have enjoyed the situation mightily but for the recollection of the incomprehensible conduct of the prince.

They discussed the matter at length, the boys taking one side and Elias the other. And as they were thus engaged a strange scene took place in the gardens below.

A strange, distant sound like the piping of a huge horn was heard. Then a wild sort of a chant and into the gardens came several long files of white-robed men. Each carried a long staff with a curious crook, and they looked indeed patriarchal with their long, flowing beards.

"What's up?" cried Dick. "What's all the excitement?"

"It is some sort of a religious festival, I'll be bound!" declared the professor. "Those men doubtless are priests."

Our adventurers watched the scene with interest.

It seemed as if there would be no end to the long files of white-robed men. Hundreds of them assembled in the garden in the form of a hollow square.

Then into this square there marched a number of black-robed attendants, bearing a dais, and upon this was a curious, transparent vessel of huge proportions, and which looked like a chemist's retort. In this vessel was a silvery liquid.

Several of the priests now commenced to chant. Then into the hollow square there marched a squad of attendants bearing a chair in which was seated the prince. Then the lines of priests divided and fell back, thus forming what might be recognized as a court or tribunal.

"What the deuce is all that puppy-show for?" cried Dick. "Are they going to make a sacrifice to some deity?"

Not one of our adventurers suspected for a moment that all these elaborate ceremonials had aught to do with them, and yet such was the case.

Suddenly there appeared on the balcony beside them several armed attendants. They made stern motions to our adventurers to rise and follow them.

"By gum!" exclaimed Ned. "All that is meant for us. Are they going to try us for our lives?"

Uncle Elias looked startled.

"There is something wrong," he said, "but what it is, I cannot guess."

Resistance would be folly. They therefore followed the guards down through the palace and into the gardens. In the center of the hollow square they stood with the gaze of all in the great company upon them.

Before them in his chair of state sat the prince but lately so kindly a host, so warm a friend. His burning gaze was fixed upon them like that a hawk.

Words cannot express the mystification of our adventurers. What did it all mean?

Why this sudden change of front on the part of the moon natives? What wrong act had they committed? It was past all comprehension.

The situation was a terribly serious one for them. Such a transformation gave their nerves the coldest of shocks, and Dick and Ned began to wish to see their feet on the earth.

(To be continued.)

TIMELY TOPICS

Harold Chapin, an American actor, dramatist and stage manager, has been killed in action in France. Harold Chapin was born in the United States in 1886 and made his first appearance on the stage at Stratford-on-Avon in 1893. For several years, when still attending school in England, he played child's parts and later toured England with stock companies. Of late years Chapin had been the stage manager for numerous well known productions. He was the author of "Augustus in Search of a Father," "The Marriage of Columbine" and other plays.

The material "cellon," as an excellent substitute for glass, is now being extensively used in German limousines as roof material. The entire roof, as well as large windows on the sides and rear, consist of this remarkable substance, and attempts are now being made to construct American limousines on a similar plan. As cellon cannot be exported from Germany at present and an all-glass roof is too dangerous, it is suggested to use the so-called "triplex" glass for this purpose. This glass does not splinter even if struck with a hammer, and therefore does not endanger the passengers.

By a slip of the censor it has become known that at present 30,000 drivers are in active service at the British front, driving motor trucks carrying supplies and ammunition. This number does not include hospital corps, ambulances, armored cars, etc., but simply supplies transport service. The information was contained in an official communication from Maj.-Gen. S. S. Long, director-in-chief of the British Supplies and Transport Service, to the British journal, The Commercial Motor. The men receive six shillings a day for the skilled veterans and one and one-half shillings a day for the novices.

The E. I. du Pont-de Nemours Powder Company of New Jersey has been sold and transferred to E. I. du Pont-de Nemours and Company of Delaware, a corporation organized for the purpose of taking over and carrying on the business. The new company assumes liabilities and will carry out all contracts of the old company, there being no change in the personnel of the management. It will issue capital stock to the amount of \$120,000,000. The new corporation bears the name of the original Delaware concern established in 1802 by E. I. du Pont-de Nemours. The main offices are located in Wilmington, Del.

When the history of the war comes to be written, one of the most interesting sections will be that dealing with the effective work done by railroads hastily constructed back of the armies engaged. One of the most important now being undertaken, it is stated, is the double tracking of the great Siberian railroad, a work which will contribute to the effectiveness of the Russian army. In the last few months, Russia has placed an order with the country for 100 locomotives, of which 35

have been completed and dispatched to Russia by way of Vladivostok. These will doubtless be used for transporting munitions from Archangel into Russia before that port is closed by the winter ice.

In spite of the modern methods of war sharpshooting and sniping are by no means lost arts. The sharpshooter's bullet, we are told by observers at the front, has a special formidableness of its own such as is enjoyed by no other weapon. The shell, the rifle grenade, the trench mortar at least give some warning to the ear; the bomb and the aerial torpedo are visible in daytime, and may frequently be dodged. The "listeners" are generally able to give some warning as to the operations and progress of hostile miners. The bullet alone is absolutely unobtrusive, instantaneous and unceasing. The activities of the snipers may be very much restricted, but their unceasing activity counts for something. They watch for hours together in their hiding-places to take advantage of any injudicious exposure; the sight of a cap or a hand incautiously raised above the parapet, the hoisting of a periscope, a shovel—anything which may betoken the least undue activity.

A valise that may be used in emergencies as a life-preserver promises to be a necessary part of the equipment of the careful traveler in the near future. It is the invention of John of John L. Edmund, a young Norwegian. The new combination traveling-bag life-preserver is, to all outward appearances, an ordinary handbag. However, it is equipped with a pair of waterproof trousers which, together with the valise proper, forms a buoyant, watertight suit. There are also provided two fin-like bags in which the wearer can place his arms, and, if he so desires, propel himself through the water. The body of the case is equipped with a window and two air valves which may be locked from the inside. It is optional with the wearer whether the bag portion is closed or not, since the suit will not sink. The position of the wearer when in the water is one of perfect comfort: he may stand upright, lean on one arm or rest on the back or side without danger of tipping. Sufficient food to last for several days can be taken into a compartment intended for the purpose in the suitcase portion. Should an accident befall the outer covering, there is an emergency airbag which may be blown up from the inside and which will provide the necessary buoyancy to keep the suit and its occupant floating. The wearer of the suit may remain in the water for from four to five days without danger of sinking or death by exposure, and in these days of the perfected wireless telegraph it is seldom more than a few hours before rescuers are on the scene after the sinking of a vessel.

Normally, the trousers portion and the fins of the life-preserver are folded compactly into the bottom of the suitcase, leaving ample room for anything one may wish to carry in the bag proper. The bag, as well as the suit, is made of waterproof cloth. It may be made to suit the purchaser as to shape, size and material.

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GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

A novel picture has been received by Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Premier, and forwarded by him to the local Red Cross rooms. It is that of the oldest member of the Red Cross Society in the world and at that a Western Indian--Pointed Cap, who belongs to the File Hills Indian reserve in Saskatchewan. He will be one hundred and eight years old on Nov. 14 next. The establishment of a branch of the Red Cross Society for these Indians shows how deeply the people of all classes in the Dominion are interested in the war and eager to find a way of lending assistance.

There have been a number of mechanical devices designed to keep the windshield of a motor car clear in a driving rain, but most of them rely on either mechanical wiping off, or on coating the glass surface with a chemical preparation which sheds the water. An entirely different idea is embodied in the new "electric" windshield cleaner, which has just appeared on the market. This device consists of a coil of resistance wire in an oval frame, hung close to the glass directly in front of the driver's face. The electric current generated by the starting and lighting dynamo, or the ignition system, is passed through the resistance coil and heats it. The heat is communicated to the oval space of the windshield, so that water falling on this spot is dried up.

About a century ago an artist named Cranch was standing one day in front of a fire in his home at Axminster. Over the fireplace was an oaken mantelpiece, and it occurred to Cranch that this expanse of wood might be improved by a little ornamentation. He picked up the poker, heated it red-hot and began to sketch in a bold design. The result pleased him so much that he elaborated his work and began to attempt other fire pictures on panels of wood. These met with a ready sale, and Cranch soon gave all his time to his new art. This was the beginning of what is now known as pyrography. The poker artist of to-day uses many different-shaped tools and has a special furnace in which they are kept heated. The art has been elaborated greatly. The knots, curls and fibers of the wood are often worked into the design and delicate tinting produced by smoking the pencil.

Experiments by Naval Architect Mason S. Chase in the naval experimental tank at the Washington Navy Yard have demonstrated that with the same power the speed of a submarine under water will be practically the same as on the surface. While there is an increased surface resistance in a submerged boat, there is on the surface the wave making resistance or the "bone" which the ship carries in its "teeth," which it takes about as much power to overcome. Lieut. C. N. Hinkamp, U.S.N., in a paper on submarines says that the water is smoother under sea, and on this account some officers believe that under certain conditions even better speed can be made under sea with the same power. At least it is now generally conceded that submarines with the same power can make about the same speed under the sea as they do on the surface. This is what the proprietors of the Neff submarine claim and they say that they have been able to demonstrate it to the satisfaction of the Naval Board.

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

"In dis here life," said Uncle Eben, "de man dat's lookin' foh trouble mos' always doan' hab ter put on 'is spectacles ter fin' it."

"Did you occupy your last pulpit with credit?" inquired the church trustee. "I certainly did," responded the applicant; "there was never any cash connected with it."

Willie--Pa, you don't get chestnuts until after there's a frost, do you? Pa--Except in the case of a farce comedy, my son. Then the chestnuts come first, and the frost afterward.

"Will the gentlemen please move up forward a little?" called out the polite conductor of the trolley car. "I won't," growled Mr. Grouch, who hung to a strap near the door. "Oh, I didn't ask you," said the conductor.

Manager--Mr. Smith, of late your work has been very perfunctory. Smith (eagerly interrupting)--Mr. Jones. I've been working here for three months now, and, though I have tried my best, that's the first bit of praise I have received since I've been here. Thank you!

"He is very popular with his wife of late." "And him such a flirt. How does he do it?" "She called him up the other day and said: 'Hello, darling,' and he recognized her voice and replied: 'You have evidently made a mistake; I am not your darling. I have the dearest, sweetest, most beautiful wife in the world, and she is the only woman I permit to call me darling!'"

The office boy in a law office of this town himself hopes to be a lawyer some day. He has begun his studies already by asking questions of the clerks whenever he hears a legal term as to which he desires information. The other day he approached one of the clerks with this question: "What do they mean by a contingent fee?" "It's like this," explained the clerk: "If you lose the case your lawyer gets nothing; if you win you get nothing."

CHASED BY WOLVES.

By Alexander Armstrong

"Tell us about your grandpa."

It was a young boy who spoke, and as the words fell from his lips he came forward with a chair and seated himself by the side of a little old man, with a kind expression, wrinkled and lined with snowy whiteness.

"Oh, you mean my grandpa?" cried two or three other boys, as they came and stood their chairs up before the hearth. "Tell us about the bears and wolves that used to be so numerous when you and grandpa first moved into the big woods."

"No, grandpa; tell us about the panther that you shot in the alder thicket," put in a black-eyed boy of some twelve years. "I think that story's just boss."

"I think the story about the old Indian man is the best," said a kind little girl of some ten summers, as she placed her hand upon the aged man's knee and looked up into his face. "You'll tell us that one, won't you, grandpa?"

The old man arose and placed a couple of sticks of wood on the fire in the good old New England fireplace, and then went to the front window and gazed forth into the darkness. It was a night of storm and gloom, and the howling wind shook the windows spitefully.

"Well, boys and girls," said he, coming back and resuming his seat, "to-night carries my mind back to the time when we passed such a terrible night in the forest."

Little Mary climbed up into the old man's lap, and with an anxious group of young listeners around him, he told the story.

"We had been in the wilderness nearly three years, and we had a good loghouse, a logbarn, or rather a hovel, as we called it, and a clearing of some twenty acres. One afternoon, in midwinter, father requested me and James to go over to neighbor Belcher's and get a quarter of venison that he had left there the day before. 'And, mind you, boys,' he said, 'you must be back before sundown. This is imperative.'

"We promised obedience, and with light hearts hurried away.

"The distance to Mr. Belcher's was about two miles, over a rough log road, and nearly all the way through the woods. But to hardy frontier boys of fourteen and sixteen years of age this was nothing; and at an early hour we arrived at Belcher's cabin, where we were kindly received by the family, and soon engaged in sport with the Belcher boys, riding downhill, chasing each other across the lots, and visiting their traps and snares.

"Time passed rapidly as it always does in such times, and in the fulness of our joys we thought not of returning. It was nearly night, when the loud roaring of the wind among the trees on the hill, and the angry whirling of a heavy snow flakes of snow warned us of an approaching storm.

"Immediately we repaired to the house, and, wrapping up in a clean cloth that we had brought with us, hurried toward the door.

"Just as we were about to go, Mr. Belcher, coming to the door, 'you must be back before sundown. This is imperative.' It's going to snow, and

the wolves may catch you in the dark before you get home.'

"'No, thank you, Mrs. Belcher,' said I. 'Father commanded us to be back before sunset, and it must be that time now. How thoughtless we have been that we did not start sooner.'

"'But it's dangerous, boys,' she expostulated. 'The wolves may devour you. Stay with us and start early in the morning.'

"She could not induce us to stay, however, for our guilty consciences were inwardly reproaching us for staying so long already.

"What would our kind parents say when night came on and we did not return?

"'Pshaw,' said James, who was some two years older than I, 'the wolves won't trouble us,' and without more words we started into a brisk trot.

"Already it was dusky in the thick woods, and soon the snow commenced to fall very fast.

"We had reached the top of a high wooded ridge, over which the path wound, and were plodding along, facing the storm blast, when a low, dismal howl greeted our ears from the swamp below.

"'Jim,' said I, 'that's a wolf, sure's the world. I don't know but that we'd have done better to have stayed at Mr. Belcher's.'

"'Come on,' he returned. 'Who's going to be afraid of a wolf? They never attack anything unless there's a gang together, and we'll be home before they get congregated. We're most halfway home now.'

"A few moments later the same dismal howl rang mournfully through the thick forest again.

"And this time an answering howl came up from the valley on the other side.

"Another moment and then a prolonged echo resounded behind us, and then another, and another, from the glen way beyond the swamp.

"A cold shudder ran through my quivering frame, and my panting breath seemed to come in fitful gasps.

"What would become of us?

"We would be devoured by the wolves.

"Father, alarmed by our absence, would come to find us, and they would kill him, too.

"And mother and sister would mourn and starve and die alone in the wilderness.

"And it would all be on account of our wicked disobedience.

"The thought was withering, and it racked my very soul with mental agony.

"James snatched the venison from my arms, and we fled, like frightened deer, down the hill.

"As we neared the low ground the somber hemlocks shut out the little lingering light of day, and we could but just discern the road.

"Louder and more fierce became the blood-curdling howls, as the cruel beasts gathered nearer about us, and we began to realize that a terrible moment was approaching.

"Suddenly a dark, tawny object dashed across the road directly before us.

"The dried twigs snapped, and the bushes rustled as it leaped to one side and sent forth a quick, hoarse growl, sending us to quail with terror.

"James threw down the venison, and, grasping my hand, we sped along the road with all our might.

"A moment later such a commingled snarling and howling arose as I hope I may never hear again.

"They were fighting over the venison, and now, if we would save our lives, we must do our utmost to escape during the few moments they would be engaged in devouring it.

"But ere we had proceeded a hundred rods they were coming again in swift pursuit.

"We were now running uphill, and we soon became so tired it seemed as though we must drop from exhaustion.

"Panting for breath, we staggered on.

"It seemed as though we should never get to the summit.

"We broke over the height at last, however, and as we commenced to descend, a bright light glimmered through the forest, like a brilliant lone star in the darkness.

"To us it was, indeed, a star of joy.

"It was the light from our own cabin windows, in the quiet little valley below.

"It raised in our desponding breasts a new ray of hope, and we darted on with renewed energy.

"The blinding snow dashed in our faces, and winter's frozen blast roared through the naked forest like a hurricane.

"The wolves were now close upon us again, and in a moment we might feel their sharp fangs pierce our flesh.

"We felt sure if we could reach the clearing they would pause in their pursuit, and then we should escape.

"By turning into a rough by-path, we could reach a corner of it within thirty or forty rods from where we were.

"It was the nearest point; though to reach it we would be obliged to cross a deep, rocky gully, through which ran a small, turbulent stream of water.

"We did not stop to argue, but dashed down the steep declivity, regardless of hurts and bruises, and soon reached the creek.

"As we scrambled up the opposite bank, we heard three or four of the savage brutes crossing the creek behind us, and by the time we had reached the top they were upon us.

"James hurriedly drew off his coat, and threw it down into the gulch.

"My goodness! What a fearful noise ensued, as they leaped upon the tattered garment and tore it to shreds.

"But it attracted their attention only for a moment, and then they came on again.

"We threw our hats behind us, but they did not stop them at all.

"A huge gray wolf, uttering an angry snarl, leaped over my shoulder, his sharp teeth snapping close to my ear as he went past.

The next moment he leaped to one side, snapping savagely at my legs, and, fastening upon my coat, tore off the skirts in an instant.

"James screamed with pain as another leaped past him, biting his hand as he went, and at the same instant I received a sharp bite on my leg.

"Suddenly there came a blinding flash, almost directly in our faces, and the stunning report of the old continental musket awed the wolves of the gloomy forest.

"Father had come to the rescue.

"The sound of the musket, at that moment, was more joyful to our ears than the sweetest strains of music.

"The wolves vanished from before us as if by magic, and their loud, unearthly yells immediately ceased.

"'Run, boys; run for your lives,' father called out in a clear tone of voice. 'They will certainly kill you if they overtake you.'

"Aye! we knew it, and we bounded forward.

"As we entered the clearing our courage rose, and we flitted past the blackened stumps with the speed of the frightened fawn.

"We could hear the furious animals collecting again on the edge of the clearing, and we knew we could not trust them.

"Dashing up to the house, we excitedly called out between our panting breath:

"'Open the door, mother!'

"The door swung back on its wooden hinges, and we staggered in and sank upon the floor before the hearth, bleeding and exhausted.

"Father followed close behind us, and, raising us to our feet, kindly inquired if we were badly hurt.

"Our wounds were not serious, and after they had been carefully dressed, and we had become somewhat rested, supper was prepared.

"We sat around the board, but we did not eat anything that night.

"Our systems had been too much shocked by the ordeal we had passed through, and we had no appetite.

"Father had been to the sawmill after we went away, and did not come home until dark.

"He heard the wolves as he came home, and, on ascertaining that we had not arrived, he rightly guessed what they were making such a din about.

"Without saying a word to further excite mother's fears, he snatched his gun from the hooks and rushed forth to meet us.

"The result is already known.

"All night long the storm raged with unabated fury, and the wolves howled and snarled incessantly around the edge of the clearing, and even at times came around the house and barn.

"Old Tige would start up from his corner every now and then, rattling his chain and growling, and all thoughts of sleep was banished from the household.

"The morning at length dawned, clear and beautiful, and with the rising of the sun all cause of alarm passed away: though it was nearly a week before we recovered sufficiently to be able to go into the woods again to work.

"Father did not say a word to us about our disobedience then, but the wolves had taught us a bitter lesson, and one long to be remembered.

"We had tasted the retributive fruits of disobedience, and from that hour we were more careful to obey a father's commands."

"Well, Harry," said the fair maid, "did popper ask you if you could support me in the style to which I am accustomed?" "No, dear; he merely inquired that he couldn't, and gave me his blessing."

SCARED OUT BY TRICK.

The negroes left Jennings in a body, after a white coffin had been placed near their residences close to the railroad stockyards. The coffin contained a dummy and this inscription:

All the negroes saw it and they knew what it meant. They had recently gone to Jennings, drawn there by the accounts of the town taking on new life, but the white residents did not want them.

The whites discussed several plans of ridding the town of the negroes and finally decided upon the coffin. It worked like a charm. Six hours after it was placed near the negro quarters the town had no negro population.

In only one town in the State are the blacks able to get on with the whites for such treatment. At Boley all the land is owned by negroes and they allow no white people there. The men go there during the day to transact business.

They never stay overnight in Boley. There is a sign
 at the Boley depot which reads:

"I will let the men go down to the beach."
 "I will let the men go down to the beach."
 "I will let the men go down to the beach."

At the meeting of the N. Y. and N. J. Plant Growers' Association, held in the Hotel McAlpin, New York, William H. Siebricht, secretary of the Growers' Association, said:

York may for the first time see a Christmas season
azaleas and lilies-of-the-valley. Though American
gardeners have been trying for twenty-five years to grow this
finest plant, there seems to be no part of the country
where the conditions of soil and atmosphere are right to
grow the azalea. Belgian growers now have the plants
in flower and ready for shipment here, but are stopped by the
English Government which declines to allow
importation unless the value in cash is advanced by pur-
chasing this money placed in English banks to
be held until Germany has evacuated Belgium. This
is given so that the Belgians would be assured of
all the money for their wares. The German
Government, on her hand, will not allow the ship-
ment of plants on such terms. Plans are under way
to break this deadlock, but the prospect
is not bright. Meanwhile the delicate plants are
being ordered.

HOPPE TO PLAY IN HANDICAP TOURNEY.

With William F. Hoppe, champion of the world at all styles of balkline billiards, as scratch man, playing 500 points, a handicap at 18.2 will be held about November 15. This announcement is authorized by the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company. Conditions for the event will be arranged by B. E. Bensinger, president of the company, who was in New York recently and returned to Chicago. If his views and influence prevail, the tournament will be held at Chicago, under the management of the Billiard Room Keepers, who last March so successfully handled the series of games that decided the three-cushion carrom championship won by George W. Moore. If the prospective tournament proves a success, others on similar lines will follow.

When the subject of balkline handicaps was first broached, Hoppe did not favor them. He expressed a willingness to concede reasonable odds, but contended that he might be discriminated against and might have to make concessions that would not only prevent him from winning the chief prize, but would enable the player who received the greatest odds to finish first.

Replying, C. P. Miller, of the Brunswick-Balke-Coller Company, said: "That is exactly what may happen. The theory of handicapping is to give every contestant in every form of sport in which handicapping is possible an equal chance."

"In England billiard handicaps, in which the best players compete, have been annual events. In this country in the promotion of billiards they have become a necessity. The public, which supports the game, has tired of seeing you beat somebody. It can no longer be interested in games the results of which are foregone conclusions.

"Actual contests must be supplied. The better class of players must accept tasks that will place inferiors on an equal basis, or there will be no tournaments. If you defeat Yamada when he plays you for the 14.1 championship there will be no more championship games and no probability of tournaments or matches on an even basis. You have no reason to fear that in a handicap you will be unfairly treated or that if you fail to finish prominently in a tournament in which you concede liberal odds your reputation will be affected."

After reflection, Hoppe concluded to take a chance in at least one handicap. He said he considered it a duty in the interest of billiards. Realizing that unless action be taken to suppress the numerous and cheap, but inferior, billiard halls that are springing up all over the country, the billiard game will be ruined, he has become especially anxious to have a billiard room, with the prospective that the billiard room will be a model one, and he will play handicap matches, and other things may be made.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

NEW TRENCH WEAPON.

The French troops are using a new bomb-thrower of extreme simplicity, with which they are obtaining remarkable results, according to experts who have seen them at work. This weapon, which is known as the "crapouillot," consists of a shrapnel shell case mounted on a wooden stand, with a spike in front to anchor it firmly. The case of the shrapnel shell remains intact after it has been fired, as its object is to act like a little cannon; its end opens and the shrapnel with which it is crammed is driven out by a charge of powder at the bottom of the case. These shrapnel cases are carefully picked up by the French to be used against the enemy.

The cost of the finished bomb-thrower does not exceed \$1.25 and its weight is negligible. A charge of powder is poured into the shell case and a bomb well loaded with explosives placed upon it. The charge is fired by the touchhole and the bomb is thrown into the air; it turns clumsily over and over like a large sausage, but it finds its target with remarkable accuracy.

When in the vicissitudes of battle the Germans succeed in capturing a front trench their communique not infrequently dignifies these bomb-throwers with the name of guns. People read that ten, twenty or thirty guns have been captured, and never for a moment suppose that these insignificant trench mortars are meant.

GAVE ACCOUNT OF SQUIRREL HUNT.

At the dedication of the monument to Ludwig Sells and his wife in the Dublin cemetery in Franklin County, Ohio, the Rev. Bryon R. Long gave an interesting account of the great squirrel hunt of September, 1822, which was said to have ended the serious depredations of the squirrels in the fields of the farmers there.

The Columbus Gazette of August 20, 1822, referred to the great damage being done by squirrels and published an address to the farmers suggesting a county squirrel hunt. The farmers of several townships were asked to select representatives to make the arrangements.

The preliminary meeting, says the Columbus Dispatch, was held. One of the delegates from Washington township, in which Dublin is located, was Peter Sells, a son of Ludwig Sells. The hunt was held and the farmers turned out in mass, spending two or three days slaughtering the squirrels. The count as far as made reached a total of 19,960 skins, but as many of the hunters failed to report the number shot by them the total was no doubt really in excess of that.

Still this number, great as it was, would not in itself have had any very great effect on the damage done by the squirrels. But the pioneers tell of great migration by the squirrels following the raid. The little animals moved like ants, in countless droves, going straight ahead and turning aside for no obstacle. They went over precipices and swam rivers on their backs. They seemed to be in command of some leader and obeyed without fear of ordinary enemies.

BOY BUYS OLD PAPERS AND SELLS THEM AT A PROFIT.

Fred Kingsley, nine years old, of Battle Creek, Mich., has put into successful operation a plan of money-making which can be adopted with profit by the average boy in the average town, says the American Boy. Fred is in the newspaper business—the second-hand newspaper business, so to speak—for he buys old newspapers and magazines and sells them at a nice profit. Instead of making a hit-and-miss search for waste paper, after the fashion of most adult followers of that trade, Fred has his regular clients from whom he buys newspapers according to contract. He makes regular trips with his little express wagon and hauls them away and stores them in the barn at home. The papers are baled and held until the market seems favorable, when they are hauled away or shipped.

The boy got into the business on confidence. He wanted to earn his own spending money and he outlined the plan to his father, who agreed to loan Fred the money to purchase the baler. Fred gave his personal promissory note and with the money thus secured bought the baler and went to work. Little by little he built his business up by being polite and courteous to those from whom he purchased newspapers. In less than a year he was able to pay the note out of his surplus cash, in addition to buying a violin and paying for music lessons. He has been in business almost two years now and his list of clients has grown fast. Mornings, afternoons, Saturdays and holidays, Fred is out with his wagon, collecting papers and paying cash for them. When a rainy day comes along the papers are baled and hauled away to market.

BRISK BUSINESS IN TOYS.

Disquieting rumors have reached Dutch children to the effect that the famous toy-making town of Nuremberg in Bavaria may use the metal which it has been putting into millions of little tin soldiers for more real purposes of war. However true the report may be, there is as yet no serious decimation in the ranks of the armies of the nursery floor. From toy dealers' reports, in fact, the tin soldier armies are increasing faster than any others in Europe. Although before the war Dutch children were satisfied with an indefinite phalanx of red coats, German Hussars and Cossacks, the nursery now must be equipped uniformly with unbroken lines of men and guns. If there is any class in Holland that has entirely ignored the neutrality stand, it is the children, who in the toy shops exhibit their preferences. The toy dealer has more than ever become a diplomat. In Rotterdam it is very noticeable that the toy shop generally displays German soldiers, while in Amsterdam it is the French and British which are shown. In the matter of French children also have marked preferences, with their windows displaying the German colors on drums, flags and torpedo boats, while Amsterdam windows show the sentiment there by giving the Franco-British a better show.

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Old Coins Wanted. \$1 to \$400 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1895. Send 10c for our illustrated coin value book. If not posted, Clarke & Co., Box 55, Le Roy, N. Y.

Marion Dillman took a party of friends automobiling, and when near Chili, Ind., an owl struck him in the face. Dillman let go of the steering wheel and the car ran down an embankment and against a fence. None of the occupants was hurt, but Dillman's face was scratched by the owl's claws.

B. Tocchini, believed to have been penniless, and who died as a pauper at the San Mateo County Poor Farm, leaves an estate valued at \$10,000. Two mortgages for \$3,000 each on San Francisco property and certificates of cash deposits totaling \$4,000 were found in his effects by Assistant Superintendent James Urbans of the institution.

Mrs. Margaret Clark, of Lorain, Ohio, sixty years old, told Judge Thompson in common pleas court that she poisoned her husband's two racehorses at the Elyria fair grounds

because she desired to save the rest of her property. "My husband has spent a fortune in the racing game," said Mrs. Clark, "and I gave the two horses, which were as much mine as his, poison, in order to save the remainder of our possessions."

John W. Reed, of the Read Printing Company, Kansas City, dreamed the other night of cutting off his hand in a paper cutter in his shop. He laughed when he told about the dream and said he was not superstitious and had no fear. Next day, as he passed the cutter, Reed slipped and struck the lever. His left hand went under the blade and was severed at the wrist. The workmen, remembering the dream, became confused and ten minutes passed before a physician was called.

The activity of Mount Vesuvius has increased in violence. The phenomenon is especially noticeable at night through the glare from the streams of lava that are issuing from the craters. The activity of the volcano is accompanied by deep rumblings and shocks of earthquake are being felt in the neighboring villages.

Fearing excommunication from their church, the Ruthenians of Winnipeg are refusing to send their children to schools teaching English. This is one of the most difficult conditions with which the provincial educational authorities have to deal in their attempt to enforce compulsory school attendance laws. There are several thousand Ruthenians in one section of Manitoba, and the school inspectors make little headway there. The schools maintained are teaching the native tongue of the settlers in most instances.

Mrs. Hander Kala Bagal, coming all the way from northwestern India, has introduced San Francisco to the latest thing in jewelry—the nose diamond. "Have your surgeon," says Mrs. Bagal, "pierce your nose horizontally above the nostrils and just under the bridge; then order from your jeweler a little, straight gold bar with a diamond set in one end; run it through the perforation and—you're right up to the minute in fashions." The craze, says Mrs. Bagal, is just becoming popular in India and is making the old-fashioned nose-ringing pause.

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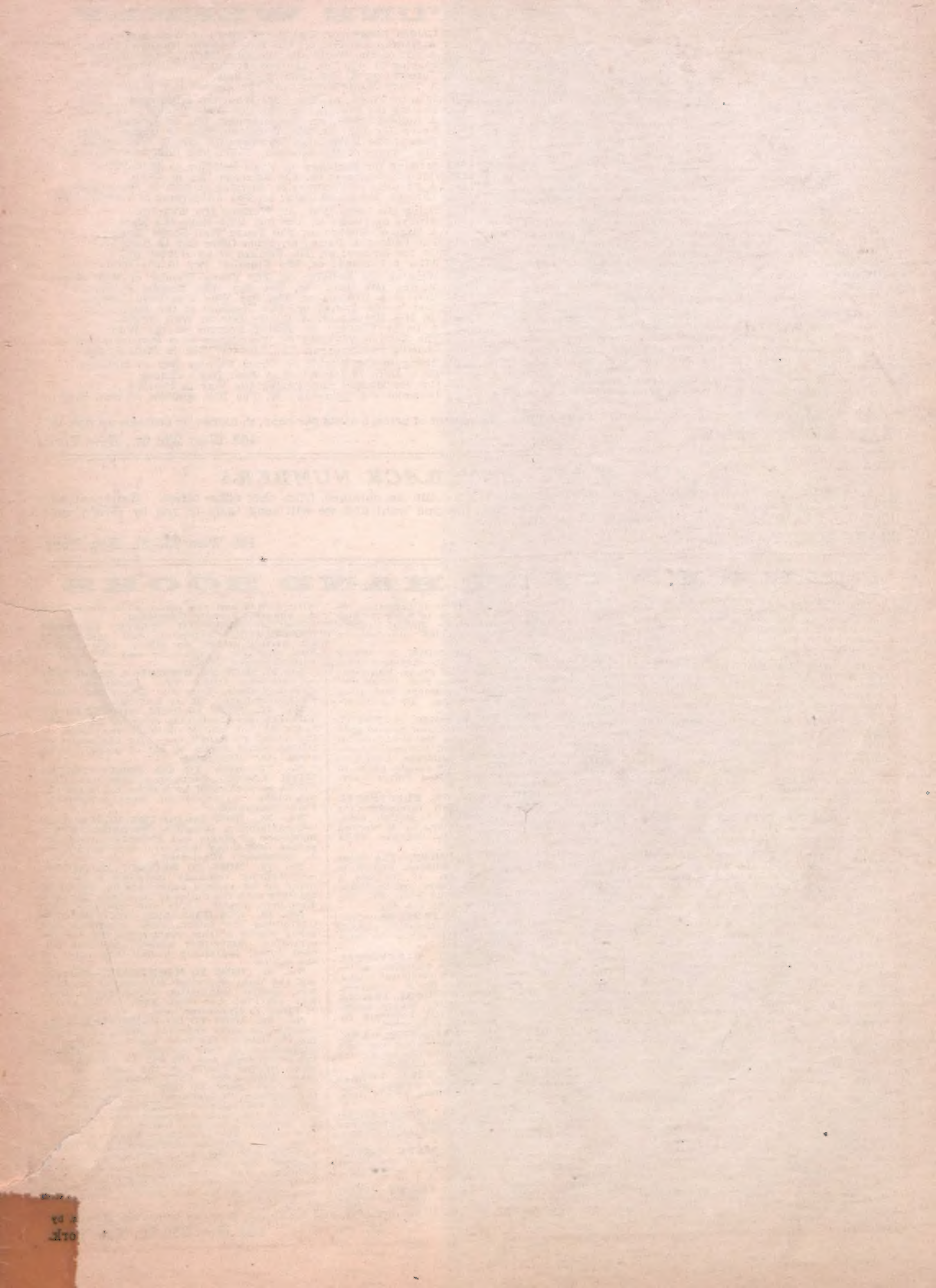
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